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THE  
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1863

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1863

THE  
PROSPECTIVE  
REVIEW



THE OCTOBER NUMBER OF  
**THE CITIZEN**

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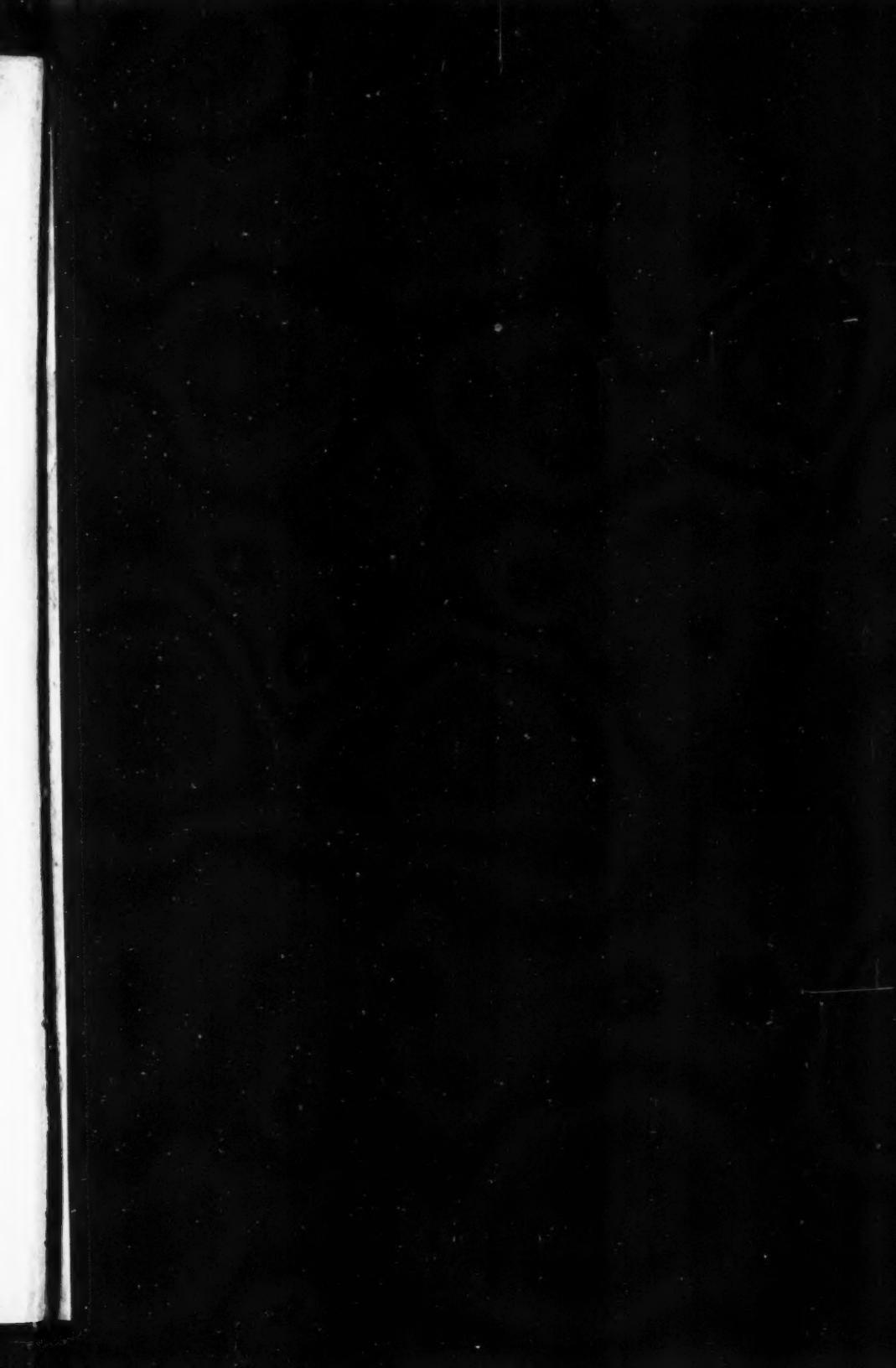
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,  
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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCXI.

## CONTENTS.

I. WILLIAM MORRIS'S POEMS. By A. Lang,	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> ,	323
II. RUSSIA'S STRENGTH. By Spenser Wil- kinson,	<i>National Review</i> ,	331
III. THE LITTLE GENERAL. By Riccardo Stephens,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	336
IV. THE QUEEN,	<i>Economist</i> ,	343
V. WATCHMEN'S SONGS. By Laura Alexan- drine Smith,	<i>Good Words</i> ,	345
VI. BLOODTHIRST,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	350
VII. THE CONSTANTINOPLE MASSACRE,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	352
VIII. A "FIDGETY" QUESTION IN SPELLING. By Alfred Erlebach,	<i>Leisure Hour</i> ,	358
IX. THE CONFIDENCES OF A SOCIETY POET,	<i>London Quarterly Review</i> ,	362
X. A PERSIAN MIRACLE PLAY. By M. Pechell,	<i>Belgravia</i> ,	370
XI. NAPOLEON'S VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	372
XII. WILLIAM MORRIS. By H. Buxton For- man,	<i>Illustrated London News</i> ,	380
XIII. GOLDSMITH'S CONVERSATION,	<i>Speaker</i> ,	383

## POETRY.

"THE EUROPEAN POWERS,"	322	GARIBALDI'S LAST POEM,	322
ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM,	322	A QUATRAIN,	322

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**"THE EUROPEAN POWERS."**

Powers? Hard by the Golden Horn  
 Those satyr lips, as cold as cruel,  
 Must curl in sly, sardonic scorn!  
 Will nothing serve as kindling fuel  
 To fire the chilly "Christian" heart,  
 Or move from apathetic meekness  
 The timid thralls of mode and mart?  
 Powers? What then is craven weakness?  
 From Thames to Neva runs all blood  
 As icily as the pole-world frozen?  
 Kaisers and czars, in fulsome mood,  
 May dub each other "Christian cousin,"  
 War lord, or knightly emperor;  
 And he, the Unspeakable, sits smiling  
 At "Christian Powers," of spirit poor,  
 Who waste in mutual reviling  
 The black-winged hours, like birds of prey  
 Full gorged with carrion, vulture, raven,  
 Flapping in the full light of day,  
 Fearless of Christian kings turned  
 craven!  
 What marvel carrion-fowls are bold  
 When full-armed war lords pale and  
 palter,  
 Like angry spinsters chide and scold,  
 But at "the name or action" falter?  
 Meanwhile the death-heaps swell and  
 swell.  
 Mercy, a pale and piteous pleader,  
 Weeps helpless at the gates of hell,  
 The Christian crowd calls for—a leader  
 Who cometh not! Each lord, each chief,  
 In diplomatic bonds entangled,  
 Scarce dares to stir. No strong belief  
 Moves any man. The "Powers" have  
 wrangled,  
 Worried, and watched; but none dares cut  
 The Gordian knot, drawn redder,  
 tighter,  
 But him, with sinister eyes half shut  
 In scorn, who mocks at crown and mitre.  
 Who'll lead? who'll strike? the peoples  
 cry.  
 Impotent seems appeal or urging;  
 Yet, hid from cold official eye,  
 Christian humanity seems upsurging,  
 To those who watch. Wistful appeal  
 To an old leader, worn and weary.  
 Proves what small trust the people feel  
 In younger chiefs, callous or cheery.  
 Who'll stir? Who'll strike? Scant an-  
 swer yet!  
 The throned assassin lolls and lowers,  
 Mocking, with Crescent crimson-wet,  
 Powerless things called "Christian  
 Powers."

Punch.

**ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM.**

Thy kingdom come! Yes, bid it come.  
 But when Thy kingdom first began  
 On earth Thy kingdom was a home,  
 A child, a woman, and a man.

The child was in the midst thereof,  
 O, blessed Jesus, holiest One!  
 The centre and the fount of love  
 Mary and Joseph's little Son.

Wherever on the earth shall be  
 A child, a woman, and a man,  
 Imaging that sweet trinity  
 Wherewith Thy kingdom first began,

Establish there Thy kingdom! Yea,  
 And o'er that trinity of love  
 Send down, as in Thy appointed day,  
 The brooding spirit of Thy Dove!

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.  
 Sunday Magazine.

**GARIBALDI'S LAST POEM.**

Friendship, pervading spirit of the blest,  
 Sublimest bounty of the Infinite,  
 Imperishable as the Alpine height  
 That stands secure in everlasting rest:

And what were we, if thou wert unposset  
 Midst all the adversities that do us spite?  
 What but thy power can shelter the op-  
 prest  
 And lift this sunken people to the light?

All pass the Styx—love, pride, ambition's  
 dream,  
 And human greatness flies, a fugitive,  
 To vanish, cloud-like, in the Lethic stream;  
 Thou, emanate from God, alone dost live  
 The life of the immortal and supreme  
 The holy comfort which is thine to give,  
 Translated by Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco in  
 the Academy.

**A QUATRAIN.**

I have trod the upward and the down-  
 ward slope;  
 I have endured and done in days before;  
 I have longed for all, and bid farewell to  
 hope;  
 And I have lived and loved, and closed the  
 door.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From Longman's Magazine.

## WILLIAM MORRIS'S POEMS.

"Enough," said the pupil of the wise Imlac, "you have convinced me that no man can be a poet." The study of Mr. William Morris's poems, in the new collected edition, has convinced me that no man, or, at least, no middle-aged man, can be a critic. I read Mr. Morris's poems (thanks to the knightly honors conferred on the Bard of Penrhyn, there is now no ambiguity as to "Mr. Morris"), but it is not the book only that I read. The scroll of my youth is unfolded. I see the dear place where first I perused "The Blue Closet;" the old faces of old friends flock around me; old chaff, old laughter, old happiness re-echo and revive. St. Andrews, Oxford, come before the mind's eye, with

Many place  
That's in sad case

Where joy was wont afore, oh!

as Minstrel Burne sings. These voices, faces, landscapes mingle with the music and blur the pictures of the poet who enchanted for us certain hours passed in the paradise of youth. A reviewer who finds himself in this case may as well frankly confess that he can no more criticise Mr. Morris dispassionately than he could criticise his old self and the friends whom he shall never see again, till he meets them

Beyond the sphere of time,  
And sin, and grief's control,  
Serene in changeless prime  
Of body and of soul.

To write of one's own "adventures among books" may be to provide anecdote more or less trivial, more or less futile, but, at least, it is to write historically. We know how books have affected, and do affect, ourselves, our bundle of prejudices and tastes, of old impressions and revived sensations. To judge books dispassionately and impersonally is much more difficult—indeed, it is practically impossible, for our own tastes and experiences must, more or less, modify our verdicts, do what we will. However, the effort must be made, for to say that, at a cer-

tain age, in certain circumstances, an individual took much pleasure in "The Life and Death of Jason," the present of a college friend, is certainly not to criticise "The Life and Death of Jason."

There have been three blossoming times in the English poetry of the nineteenth century. The first dates from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, and, later, from Shelley, Byron, Keats. By 1822 the blossoming time was over, and Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, soon ceased to publish poetry. This "great refusal" he had reason to regret, for the second blossoming time began in 1830-1833, with young Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning. It broke forth again in 1842 and did not practically cease till England's greatest laureate sang of the "Crossing of the Bar." But while Tennyson put out his full strength in 1842, and Mr. Browning rather later, in "Bells and Pomegranates" (*Men and Women*), the third spring came in 1858, with Mr. Morris's "Defence of Guinevere," and flowered till Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" appeared in 1865, followed by his poems of 1866. Mr. Rossetti's book of 1870 belonged, in date of composition, mainly to this period. Since then poetry has not given us more than a few charming scattered lyrics, of Mr. Bridges, Mr. Watson, and one or two others who are of very intermittent inspiration. A reviewer who, like myself, was a schoolboy or an undergraduate in the third vernal season of the century's verse—who was then in the age of enthusiasm, appreciation, imitation—knows well that his judgment of Mr. Morris must have a strong personal bias.

In 1858, when "The Defence of Guinevere" came out, Mr. Morris must have been but a year or two from his undergraduateship. Every one has heard enough about his companions, Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Rossetti, Canon Dixon, and the others of the old *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, where Mr. Morris's wonderful prose fantasies are buried. Why should they not be revived, these strangely colored and magical dreams? As literature, I pre-

fer them vastly above Mr. Morris's later romances in prose—"The Hollow Land" above "News from Nowhere!" Mr. Morris and his friends were active in the fresh dawn of a new romanticism, a mediæval and Catholic revival, with very little Catholicism in it for the most part. This revival is more "innerly," as the Scotch say, more intimate, more "earnest" than the larger and more genial, if more superficial, restoration by Scott. The painful doubt, the scepticism of the *Ages of Faith*, the dark hours of that epoch, its fantasy, cruelty, luxury, no less than its color and passion, inform Mr. Morris's first poems. The fourteenth and the early fifteenth century is his "period." In "The Defence of Guinevere" he is not under the influence of Chaucer, whose narrative manner, without one grain of his humor, inspires "The Life and Death of Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise." In the early book the rugged style of Mr. Browning has left a mark. There are cockney rhymes, too, such as "short" rhyming to "thought."<sup>1</sup> But, on the whole, Mr. Morris's early manner was all his own, nor had he ever returned to it. In the first poem, "The Queen's Apology," is this passage:—

Listen, suppose your time were come to die,

And you were quite alone and very weak; Yea, laid a dying while very mightily

The wind was ruffling up the narrow streak

Of river through your broad lands running well:

Suppose a hush should come, then some one speak:

"One of these cloths is heaven, and one is hell,

Now choose one cloth forever, which they be,

I will not tell you, you must somehow tell

"Of your own strength and mightiness; here, see!"

Yea, yea, my lord, and you to ope your eyes,

At foot of your familiar bed to see

<sup>1</sup> The new edition is not free from typographical errors: *teste noir*, and "son" for "sun."

A great God's angel standing, with such dyes,  
Not known on earth, on his great wings,  
and hands,  
Held out two ways, light from the inner skies

Showing him well, and making his commands  
Seem to be God's commands, moreover,  
too,  
Holding within his hands the cloths on wands;

And one of these strange choosing cloths  
was blue,  
Wavy and long, and one cut short and red;  
No man could tell the better of the two.

After a shivering half-hour you said,  
"God help! heaven's color, the blue;" and he said, "hell."  
Perhaps you then would roll upon your bed,

And cry to all good men that loved you well,  
"Ah Christ! if only I had known, known,  
known."

There was nothing like that before in English poetry; it has the *bizarrie* of a new thing in beauty. How far it is really beautiful how can I tell? How can I discount the "personal bias"? Only I know that it is unforgettable. Again (Galahad speaks):—

I saw  
One sitting on the altar as a throne,  
Whose face no man could say he did not know,  
And, though the bell still rang, he sat alone,  
With raiment half blood-red, half white as snow.

Such things made their own special ineffaceable impact.

Leaving the Arthurian cycle, Mr. Morris entered on his especially sympathetic period—the gloom and sad sunset glory of the late fourteenth century, the age of Froissart and wicked, wasteful wars. To Froissart it all seemed one magnificent pageant of knightly and kingly fortunes; he only murmurs a "great pity" for the death of a knight or the massacre of a town. It is rather the pity of it that Mr. Mor-

ris sees hearts broken in a corner, as in "Sir Peter Harpenden's End," or beside "The Haystack in the Floods." Here is a picture like life of what befell a hundred times. Lady Alice de la Barde hears of the death of her knight:—

## ALICE.

Can you talk faster, sir,  
Get over all this quicker? fix your eyes  
On mine, I pray you, and whate'er you  
see  
Still go on talking fast, unless I fall,  
Or bid you stop.

## SQUIRE.

I pray your pardon then,  
And, looking in your eyes, fair lady, say  
I am unhappy that your knight is dead.  
Take heart, and listen! let me tell you all.  
We were five thousand goodly men-at-  
arms,  
And scant five hundred had he in that  
hold;  
His rotten sand-stone walls were wet with  
rain,  
And fell in lumps wherever a stone hit;  
Yet for three days about the barrier there  
The deadly glaives were gather'd, laid  
across,  
And push'd and pull'd; the fourth our  
engines came;  
But still amid the crash of falling walls,  
And roar of lombards, rattle of hard bolts,  
The steady bow-strings flash'd, and still  
stream'd out  
St. George's banner, and the seven  
swords,  
And still they cried, "St. George Gui-  
enne," until  
Their walls were flat as Jericho's of old,  
And our rush came, and cut them from  
the keep.

The astonishing vividness, again, of the tragedy told in "Geffray Teste Noire" is like that of a vision in a magic mirror or a crystal ball, rather than like a picture suggested by printed words. "Shameful Death" has the same enchanted kind of presentment. We look through a "magic casement opening on the foam" of the old waves of war. Poems of a pure fantasy, unequalled out of Coleridge and Poe, are "The Wind" and "The Blue Closet." Each only lives in fantasy. Motives, and facts, and "story" are unimportant

and out of view. The pictures arise distinct, unsummoned, spontaneous, like the faces and places which are flashed on our eyes between sleeping and waking. Fantastic too, but with more of a recognizable human setting, is "Golden Wings," which to a slight degree reminds one of Théophile Gautier's "Château de Souvenir."

The apples now grow green and sour  
Upon the mouldering castle-wall,  
Before they ripen there they fall:  
There are no banners on the tower,

The draggled swans most eagerly eat  
The green weeds trailing in the moat;  
Inside the rotting leaky boat  
You see a slain man's stiffen'd feet.

These, with "The Sailing of the Sword," are my own old favorites. There was nothing like them before, nor will be again, for Mr. Morris after several years of silence abandoned his early manner. No doubt it was not a manner to persevere in, but happily, in a mood and a moment never to be re-born or return, Mr. Morris did fill a fresh page in English poetry with these imperishable fantasies. They were absolutely neglected by "the reading public," but they found a few staunch friends. Indeed I think of "Guinevere" as Fitzgerald did of Tennyson's poems before 1842. But this, of course, is a purely personal, probably a purely capricious, estimate. Criticism may aver that the influence of Mr. Rossetti was strong on Mr. Morris before 1858. Perhaps so, but we read Mr. Morris first (as the world read the "Lay" before "Christabel"), and my own preference is for Mr. Morris.

It was after eight or nine years of silence that Mr. Morris produced, in 1866 or 1867, "The Life and Death of Jason." Young men who had read "The Defence of Guinevere" hurried to purchase it, and, of course, found themselves in contact with something very unlike their old favorite. Mr. Morris had told a classical tale in decasyllable couplets of the Chaucerian sort, and he regarded the heroic age from a mediæval point of view; at all

events, not from an historical and archaeological point of view. It was natural in Mr. Morris to "envise" the Greek heroic age in this way, but it would not be natural in most other writers. The poem is not much shorter than the "Odyssey," and long narrative poems had been out of fashion since "The Lord of the Isles" (1814).

All this was a little disconcerting. We read "Jason," and read it with pleasure, but without much of the more essential pleasure which comes from magic and distinction of style. The peculiar qualities of Keats, and Tennyson, and Virgil are not among the gifts of Mr. Morris. As people say of Scott in his long poems, so it may be said of Mr. Morris—that he does not furnish many quotations, does not glitter in "jewels five words long."

In "Jason" he entered on his long career as a narrator; a poet retelling the immortal primeval stories of the human race. In one guise or another the legend of Jason is the most widely distributed of romances; the North American Indians have it, and the Samoans and the Samoyeds, as well as all Indo-European peoples. This tale, told briefly by Pindar, and at greater length by Apollonius Rhodius, and in the "Orphica," Mr. Morris took up and handled in a simple objective way. His art was always pictorial, but, in "Jason" and later, he described more, and was less apt, as it were, to flash a picture on the reader, in some incomunicable way.

In the covers of the First Edition were advertisements of the "Earthly Paradise;" that vast collection of the world's old tales retold. One might almost conjecture that "Jason" had originally been intended for a part of the "Earthly Paradise," and had outgrown its limits. The tone is much the same, though the "criticism of life" is less formally and explicitly stated.

For Mr. Morris came at last to a "criticism of life." It would not have satisfied Mr. Matthew Arnold, and it did not satisfy Mr. Morris! The burden of these long narrative poems is *ranitas ranitatum*; the fleeting, perishable, unsatisfying nature of human existence,

the dream "rounded by a sleep." The lesson drawn is to make life as full and as beautiful as may be, by love, and adventure, and art. The hideousness of modern industrialism was oppressing Mr. Morris; that hideousness he was doing his best to relieve and redeem, by poetry, and by all the many arts and crafts in which he is a master. His narrative poems are, indeed, part of his industry in this field. He was not born to slay monsters, he says, "the idle singer of an empty day." Later he has set about slaying monsters, like Jason, or, unlike Jason, scattering dragon's teeth to raise forces which he cannot lay, and cannot direct. I shall go no further into politics or agitation, and I say this much only to prove that Mr. Morris's "criticism of life," and prolonged, wistful dwelling on the thought of death, ceased to satisfy himself. His own later part, as a poet and an ally of Socialism, proves this to be true. It seems to follow that the peculiarly level, lifeless, decorative effect of his narratives, which remind us rather of glorious tapestries than of pictures, is no longer wholly satisfactory to himself. There is plenty of charmed and delightful reading—"Jason" and the "Earthly Paradise" are literature for "The Castle of Indolence," but we do miss a strenuous rendering of action and passion. These Mr. Morris had rendered in "The Defence of Guinevere;" now he gave us something different, something beautiful, but something deficient in dramatic vigor. Apollonius Rhodius is, no doubt, much of a pedant, a literary writer of epic, in an age of criticism. He dealt with the tale of "Jason," and conceivably he may have borrowed from older minstrels. But the Medea of Apollonius Rhodius, in her love, her tenderness, her regret for home, in all her maiden words and ways, is undeniably a character more living, more human, more passionate, and more sympathetic, than the Medea of Mr. Morris. I could almost wish that he had closely followed that classical original, the first true love story in literature. In the same way I prefer Apollonius's spell for soothing the

dragon, as much terser and more somniferous than the spell put by Mr. Morris into the lips of Medea. Scholars will find it pleasant to compare these passages of the Alexandrine and of the London poets. As a brick out of the vast palace of "Jason" we may select the song of the Nereid to Hylas—Mr. Morris is always happy with his Nymphs and Nereids.

I know a little garden-close  
Set thick with lily and red rose,  
Where I would wander if I might  
From dewy dawn to dewy night,  
And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing,  
And though no pillared house is there,  
And though the apple boughs are bare  
Of fruit and blossom, would to God,  
Her feet upon the green grass trod,  
And I beheld them as before.

There comes a murmur from the shore,  
In the place two fair streams are,  
Drawn from the purple hills afar,  
Drawn down unto the restless sea;  
The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee,  
The shore no ship has ever seen,  
Still beaten by the billows green,  
Whose murmur comes unceasingly  
Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night,  
For which I let slip all delight,  
That maketh me both deaf and blind,  
Careless to win, unskilled to find,  
And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am, and weak,  
Still have I left a little breath  
To seek within the jaws of death  
An entrance to that happy place,  
To seek the unforgotten face  
Once seen, once kissed, once reft from  
me

Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

"Jason" is, practically, a very long tale from the "Earthly Paradise," as the "Earthly Paradise" is an immense treasure of shorter tales in the manner of "Jason." Mr. Morris reverted for an hour to his fourteenth century, a period when London was "clean." This is a poetic license: many a plague found mediæval London abominably dirty! A Celt himself, no doubt, with the Celt's proverbial way of being *impostibulum cupiditor*, Mr. Morris is in full sympathy with his Breton squire, who in the reign of Edward III., sets forth

to seek the Earthly Paradise, and the land where Death never comes. Much more dramatic, I venture to think, than any passage of "Jason," is that where the dreamy seekers of dreamland, Breton and Northman, encounter the stout King Edward III., whose kingdom is of this world. Action and fantasy are met, and the wanderers explain the nature of their quest. One of them speaks of death in many a form, and of the flight from death.

His words nigh made me weep, but  
while he spoke

I noted how a mocking smile just broke  
The thin line of the prince's lips, and he  
Who carried the afore-named armory  
Puffed out his wind-beat cheeks and  
whistled low:

But the king smiled, and said, "Can it be  
so?

I know not, and ye twain are such as  
find

The things whereto old kings must needs  
be blind.

For you the world is wide—but not for  
me,

Who once had dreams of one great vic-  
tory

Wherein that world lay vanquished by  
my throne,

And now, the victor in so many an one,  
Find that in Asia Alexander died  
And will not live again; the world is wide  
For you I say,—for me a narrow space  
Betwixt the four walls of a fighting place.

Poor man, why should I stay thee?  
live thy fill,

Of that fair life, wherein thou seest no ill  
But fear of that fair rest I hope to win  
One day, when I have purged me of my  
sin.

Farewell, it yet may hap that I a king  
Shall be remembered but by this one  
thing,  
That on the morn before ye crossed the  
sea

Ye gave and took in common talk with  
me;

But with this ring keep memory of the  
morn,

O Breton, and thou Northman, by this  
horn

Remember me, who am of Odin's blood."

All this encounter is a passage of  
high invention. The adventures in  
Anahuac are such as Bishop Eric may

have achieved when he set out to find Vinland the Good, and came back no more, whether he was or was not remembered by the Aztecs as Quetzalcoatl. The tale of the wanderers was Mr. Morris's own; all the rest are of the dateless heritage of our race, fairy tales coming to us, now "softly breathed through the flutes of the Grecians," now told by Sagamen of Iceland. The whole performance is astonishingly equable; we move on a high tableland, where no tall peaks of Parnassus are to be climbed. Once more literature has a narrator, a maker less of songs than of tales; a narrator, on the whole, much more akin to Spenser than to Chaucer, Homer, or Sir Walter. Humor and action are not so prominent as contemplation of a pageant reflected in a fairy mirror. But Mr. Morris has said himself, about his poem, what I am trying to say:—

Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant;  
Life have we loved, through green leaf and through sere,  
Though still the less we knew of its intent:  
The Earth and Heaven through countless year on year,  
Slow changing, were to us but curtains fair,  
Hung round about a little room, where play  
Weeping and laughter of man's empty day.

Mr. Morris had shown, in various ways, the strength of his sympathy with the heroic sagas of Iceland. He had rendered one into verse, in "The Earthly Paradise," above all, "Grettir the Strong" and "The Volsunga" he had done into English prose. His next great poem was "The Story of Sigurd," a poetic rendering of the theme which is, to the North, what the Tale of Troy is to Greece, and to all the world. Mr. Morris took the form of the story which is most archaic, and bears most birthmarks of its savage origin—the version of the "Volsunga," not the German shape of the "Nibelungenlied." He showed extraordinary skill especially in making human and intelligible the

story of Regin, Otter, Fafnir, and the Dwarf Andvari's Hoard.

It was Reidmar the Ancient begat me;  
and now was he waxen old,  
And a covetous man and a king; and he bade, and I built him a hall,  
And a golden glorious house; and thereto his sons did he call,  
And he bade them be evil and wise, that his will through them might be wrought.  
Then he gave unto Fafnir my brother the soul that feareth nought,  
And the brow of the hardened iron, and the hand that may never fail,  
And the greedy heart of a king, and the ear that hears no wail.

But next unto Otter my brother he gave the snare and the net,  
And the longing to wend through the wild-wood, and wade the highways wet:  
And the foot that never resteth, while aught be left alive  
That hath cunning to match man's cunning or might with his might to strive.

And to me, the least and the youngest, what gift for the slaying of ease?  
Save the grief that remembers the past, and the fear that the future sees;  
And the hammer and fashioning-iron, and the living coal of fire;  
And the craft that createth a semblance, and fails of the heart's desire;  
And the toil that each dawning quickens and the task that is never done;  
And the heart that lengtheth ever, nor will look to the deed that is won.

Thus gave my father the gifts that might never be taken again;  
Far worse were we now than the Gods, and but little better than men.  
But yet of our ancient might one thing had we left us still:  
We had craft to change our semblance, and could shift us at our will  
Into bodies of the beast-kind, or fowl, or fishes cold;  
For belike no fixed semblance we had in the days of old,  
Till the Gods were waxen busy, and all things their form must take  
That knew of good and evil, and longed to gather and make.

But when we turn to the passage of

the éclaircissement between Sigurd and Brynhild, that most dramatic and most *modern* moment in the ancient tragedy, the moment where the clouds of savage fancy scatter in the light of a hopeless human love, then, I must confess, I prefer the simple, brief prose of Mr. Morris's translation of the "Volsunga" to his rather periphrastic paraphrase. Every student of poetry may make the comparison for himself, and decide for himself whether the old or the new is better. Again, in the final fight and massacre in the Hall of Atli, I cannot but prefer the Slaying of the Wooers, at the close of the "Odyssey," or the last fight of Roland at Roncesvaux, or the prose version in the "Volsunga." All these are the work of men who were war-smiths as well as song-smiths. Here is a passage from the "murder grim and great":—

So he saith in the midst of the foemen  
with his war-flame reared on high,  
But all about and around him goes up a  
bitter cry  
From the iron men of Atli, and the  
bickering of the steel  
Sends a roar up to the roof-ridge, and the  
Niblung war-ranks reel  
Behind the steadfast Gunnar; but lo,  
have ye seen the corn,  
While yet men grind the sickle, by the  
wind streak overborne  
When the sudden rain sweeps downward,  
and summer growtheth black,  
And the smitten wood-side roareth 'neath  
the driving thunder-wrack?  
So before the wise-heart Hogni shrank  
the champions of the East  
As his great voice shook the timbers in  
the hall of Atli's feast.

There he smote and beheld not the  
smitten, and by nought were his  
edges stopped;  
He smote and the dead were thrust from  
him; a hand with its shield he  
lopped;  
There met him Atli's marshal, and his  
arm at the shoulder he shred;  
Three swords were upreared against him  
of the best of the kin of the dead;  
And he struck off a head to the rightward,  
and his sword through a throat he  
thrust,

But the third stroke fell on his helm-  
crest, and he stooped to the ruddy  
dust,  
And uprose as the ancient Giant, and  
both his hands were wet:  
Red then was the world to his eyen, as  
his hand to the labor he set;  
Swords shook and fell in his pathway,  
huge bodies leapt and fell,  
Harsh girded shield and war-helm like the  
tempest-smitten bell,  
And the war-cries ran together, and no  
man his brother knew,  
And the dead men loaded the living, as he  
went the war-wood through;  
And man 'gainst man was huddled, till no  
sword rose to smite,  
And clear stood the glorious Hogni in an  
island of the fight,  
And there ran a river of death 'twixt the  
Niblung and his foes,  
And therefrom the terror of men and the  
wrath of the Gods arose.

I admit that this does not affect me as does the figure of Odysseus raining his darts of doom, or the courtesy of Roland when the blinded Oliver smites him by mischance, and, indeed, the Keeping of the Stair by Umslopogaas appeals to me more vigorously as a strenuous picture of war. To be just to Mr. Morris, let us give his rendering of part of the Slaying of the Wooers, from his translation of the "Odyssey":—

And e'en as the word he uttered, he drew  
his keen sword out  
Brazen, on each side shearing, and with  
a fearful shout  
Rushed on him; but Odysseus that very  
while let fly  
And smote him with the arrow in the  
breast, the pap hard by,  
And drove the swift shaft to the liver, and  
adown to the ground fell the sword  
From out of his hand, and doubled he  
hung above the board,  
And staggered; and whirling he fell, and  
the meat was scattered around.  
And the double cup moreover, and his  
forehead smote the ground;  
And his heart was wrung with torment,  
and with both feet spurning he  
smote  
The high-sent; and over his eyen did the  
cloud of darkness float.

And then it was Amphynomus, who drew  
his whetted sword  
And fell on, making his onrush 'gainst  
Odysseus the glorious lord,  
If perchance he might get him out-doors;  
but Telemachus him forewent,  
And a cast of the brazen war-spear from  
behind him therewith sent  
Amidmost of his shoulders, that drove  
through his breast and out,  
And clattering he fell, and the earth all  
the breadth of his forehead smote.

There is no need to say more of Mr. Morris's "Odyssey." Close to the letter to the Greek he usually keeps, but where are the surge and thunder of the music of Homer? Apparently we must accent the penultimate in "Amphynomus" if the line is to scan. I select a passage of peaceful beauty from Book V.:-

But all about that cavern there grew a  
blossoming wood,  
Of alder and of poplar and of cypress  
savoring good;  
And fowl therein wing-spreading were  
wont to roost and be,  
For owls were there and falcons, and  
long-tongued crows of the sea,  
And deeds of the sea they deal with and  
thereof they have a care.  
But round the hollow cavern there spread  
and flourished fair  
A vine of garden breeding, and in its  
grapes was glad;  
And four wells of the white water their  
heads together had,  
And flowing on in order four ways they  
thence did get;  
And soft were the meadows blooming  
with parsley and violet.  
Yea, if thither indeed had come e'en one  
of the Deathless, e'en he  
Had wondered and gladdened his heart  
with all that was there to see.  
And there in sooth stood wondering the  
Flitter, the Argus-bane.  
But when o'er all these matters in his  
soul he had marvelled amain,  
Then into the wide cave went he, and  
Calypso, Godhead's Grace,  
Failed nowise there to know him as she  
looked upon his face:  
For never unknown to each other are the  
Deathless Gods, though they  
Apart from one another may be dwelling  
far away.

But Odysseus the mighty-hearted within  
he met not there,  
Who on the beach sat weeping, as oft  
he was wont to wear  
His soul with grief and groaning, and  
weeping; yea, and he  
As the tears he was pouring downward  
yet gazed o'er the untilled sea.

This is close enough, but

And flowing on in order four ways they  
thence did get

is not precisely musical. Why is Hermes "The Flitter"? But I have often ventured to remonstrate against these archaic peculiarities, which to some extent mar our pleasure in Mr. Morris's translations. In his version of the rich Virgilian measure they are especially out of place. The "Æneid" is rendered with a roughness which might better befit a translation of Ennius. Thus the reader of Mr. Morris's poetical translations has in his hands versions of almost literal closeness, and (what is extremely rare) versions of poetry by a poet. But his acquaintance with Early English and Icelandic has added to the poet a strain of the philologist, and his English in the "Odyssey," still more in the "Æneid," is occasionally more *archaic* than the Greek of 900 B.C. So at least it seems to a reader not unversed in attempts to fit the classical poets with an English rendering. But the true test is in the appreciation of the lovers of poetry in general.

To them, as to all who desire the restoration of beauty in modern life. Mr. Morris has been a benefactor almost without example. Indeed, did space permit and were adequate knowledge mine, Mr. Morris's poetry should have been criticised as only a part of the vast industry of his life in many crafts and many arts. His place in English life and literature is unique as it is honorable. He has done what he desired to do—he has made vast additions to simple and stainless pleasures.

A. LANG.

From The National Review.  
RUSSIA'S STRENGTH.

"Is there any ground for this unwholesome and abject terror that Russia appears to inspire in other powers?" This question, put to me in these words by a friend who is deeply interested in matters of European policy, leads so directly to the root of the present situation that it may be worth while attempting an answer for the benefit of the readers of the *National Review*. It has for some time been the fashion when such questions are asked, to seek the answer in military and naval statistics. Those who consult tables giving the grand total of persons upon whose military service in some capacity the Russian government considers that in the last resort it can count, may feel awed by the four or six millions of armed men who will in this way be paraded before the imagination. But totals of this kind are of little practical value. The real military force of a nation is represented by the armies that it can put into the field for specific purposes of attack or defence. In recent years, since the death of Alexander II., Russia has considerably strengthened her military power by preparing it for definite campaigns. Before the accession of Alexander III., Russia's army was spread over the greater part of her European territory. There was, and still is, a large force in the provinces south of the Caucasus, and a smaller force dispersed over the vast Asiatic territories under Russian rule. Of late the garrisons in the extreme East have been strengthened, but a quite recent estimate does not put the Russian force in Asia, apart from the army of the Caucasus, higher than seventy-five thousand men. The great change has been in Europe.

From Odessa to St. Petersburg is about a thousand miles, and from Warsaw to Kazan about twelve hundred. So long as the permanent quarters of the troops were spread over a parallelogram of these dimensions, even though the western districts contained more than their share, the army was doomed to perpetual unreadiness. In

a country with hardly any metalled roads and few railways, the collection into one district of contingents so widely scattered was so slow a process as to be impracticable; wars were ended before all the forces that should have been employed had been brought on to the scene of action. In 1860, Moltke, discussing the chance of Russian intervention in a war in Germany, wrote: "Moscow, which we may regard as the centre of gravity of Russia, is as far from Berlin as Madrid or Naples. The Russian army is spread over an area of a million square miles. It needs a long time to assemble, and has to cover from the Volga to the Vistula, a distance of fourteen hundred miles, without a railway. The Russian army can reach our frontier only after we have been victorious, or have already suffered defeat." During the reign of Alexander III., the Russian government became aware that the old-fashioned distribution of its troops rendered it comparatively impotent either for attack or defence at any given point. The remedy was found by choosing the region where it would be useful to be strong, and by moving into that region so much of the army as would make possible its complete concentration there in case of need. The question which was the proper district for this purpose must evidently depend upon the object for which it was thought most likely the army would be employed, and when we know the answer given we shall hardly be wrong in making inferences as to the policy of Russia. The army was moved to the Western frontier.

To understand its present distribution it is necessary only to remember one or two leading features of its organization. Four battalions form a regiment, and four regiments an infantry division, to which is attached an artillery brigade of six batteries, with forty-eight guns. A cavalry division is comprised of twenty-four squadrons. The field army is made up of infantry divisions and cavalry divisions, and will be augmented in case of war, not only by bringing the in-

fantry divisions up to war strength, which is about double the peace effective, but also by expanding the rifle brigades and reserve brigades, which in peace are composed of the cadres of four rifle battalions or eight infantry battalions. The cavalry division numbers about three thousand nine hundred sabres; the infantry division on a war footing about sixteen thousand bayonets; the reserve brigade half, and the rifle brigade a quarter of that strength. Beyond these components of the field army, there are, of course, fortress garrisons of various arms and the troops of the several auxiliary services. These are for the most part quartered in the great fortresses of the Western frontier. By the present distribution the whole European army of Russia is contained in six districts, those of Wilna, Warsaw, Kief, and Odessa, which together form the Western frontier belt, and those of St. Petersburg and Moscow, from which railways run to the frontier.

The principal military centre is Poland, the great tongue of land that protrudes towards Germany between Prussia and Austrian Silesia. Here there are no less than eleven infantry divisions, and eight and a half cavalry divisions, which on a war footing would make two hundred and seventeen thousand men. The infantry is arranged in a horseshoe line facing the German and Austrian borders.<sup>1</sup> Seven of the cavalry divisions are on the outside of the horseshoe, five on the north side facing Prussia and two on the south towards Galicia.

In the district of Wilna there are eight infantry and two cavalry divisions, at war strength one hundred and forty-two thousand men. The corner points of the district are at Riga, Witebsk, Bobruisk, and Grodno, so that its area is about two hundred and fifty miles square, but the divisions are stationed at places in direct railway communication with Wilna and Kovno, the great frontier fortress on the Njemen.

<sup>1</sup> The headquarters of divisions are at Bielostok, Lomsha, Ostrolenka, Pultusk, Warsaw (2), Radom, Lublin (2), Brest Litewsk, and Kobrin.

On the south of the great marshlands that stretch eastward from Brest Litewsk, a third army of one hundred and fifty-four thousand men, when completed to war strength (five cavalry and eight infantry divisions), is dotted by divisions along the railway from Charkow and Pultawa through Kief to Luzk, near the Galician border. A fourth army has its headquarters at Odessa, its four infantry divisions, except that at Sebastopol, being stationed near the Roumanian frontier, or the railways leading towards Bessarabia. Its war force would be about seventy thousand men.

Behind these four armies are the great reserves at St. Petersburg and Moscow. At St. Petersburg, in direct railway communication with Wilna and Warsaw, are six infantry and two cavalry divisions, with a war strength of one hundred and eleven thousand, and at Moscow, with a direct railway to Warsaw, and less direct railways to Kief and Odessa, are one cavalry and seven infantry divisions, making one hundred and twenty-one thousand. These various bodies are the whole field army of Russia in Europe, nine hundred and seventeen thousand men. But, as has been noted, the outbreak of war will see them strengthened by rifle and reserve brigades, which might, after a time, add two or even three hundred thousand to the total force. In case the government required to use all or any of these armies, it would be necessary first to call out the reserve men needed to fill up the cadres to the war complement, and to transport them from their homes to the present quarters of their regiments. This process would hardly be accomplished in less than a month. It would be followed by the concentration in its district of the army to be employed, which in Poland might be effected in ten marches; in the district of Wilna, where the railways are convenient, in about the same time; but in the regions of Kief and Odessa would probably involve further delay. The Moscow and St. Petersburg contingents might by this time be approaching the frontier districts, and the

expansion of the reserve cadres might be beginning.

The forces that would thus be put in motion are no doubt large. But it must be observed that the distribution here described admits of the full effort being made only in one eventuality, that of a war in which Russia is opposed at the same time by Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Roumania, or at least by Germany and Austria-Hungary. The armies of Kief and Odessa are too far away to be available within any reasonable time against Germany, and those of Wilna and St. Petersburg could not without very great difficulty and delay be removed to the Galician or Roumanian frontiers. The arrangement is evidently based upon the assumption of a common policy uniting Germany and Austria-Hungary. For the contingency of a war in which these two powers were arrayed against Russia, the Russian force can hardly be thought extravagant, in view of Bismarck's famous declaration that Germany could place a million men on each of her frontiers, and have a third million in reserve, and of the probability that the greater part of the Austro-Hungarian army would be employed against the Russians. Further, it may reasonably be held that the disposition of four armies at points of assembly along a frontier eight hundred miles long (in a straight line from Odessa to Memel) is defensive rather than offensive. The essence of attack consists in concentrating the available force against a single enemy; a course which has been shown to be in this case hardly practicable. No doubt the distribution of forces points to a preponderance in the quarter opposite the German frontier, which is watched by a very large body of cavalry, and upon which the armies of Wilna and Warsaw could be supported both by that of Moscow and that of St. Petersburg. This preponderance, however, is no more than a well-deserved compliment to the superiority of the German army in numbers, organization, and readiness, to that of the dual monarchy.

At the present moment, then, the mil-

itary strength of Russia consists in her being ready for a war on her western frontier. In any other direction she is hardly prepared for a great effort, but in no other direction is she confronted by any military power that could be dangerous to her. Her army of the Caucasus is no doubt equal to any emergencies likely to arise in that region, but is not in any reasonable time available elsewhere.

The Russian navy is hardly in itself strong enough to cause much apprehension to any of the great powers. It may, perhaps, be described as generally about equal to that of Germany or of Italy, with the qualification that the special effort of the present time to increase the number of modern battleships tends to make it in that important element of force superior to either of them. But as it is usually divided between the Black Sea and the Baltic, and as all its possible enemies have their bases at points on the route joining those two seas, it must be regarded as subject to some embarrassment due to this strategical situation.

The very great influence exerted by Russia is due, not to her own forces, which are by no means disproportionate to the tasks of defence incumbent upon them, but to her alliance with France. The Russian and French armies together are more numerous and probably as efficient as the German and Austro-Hungarian armies combined. The addition of the Italian army gave a slight preponderance of force to the Triple Alliance; but the exhaustion of Italy has rendered this advantage doubtful, while the combined navies of France and Russia are more than a match for the navies of the central powers. A war between the two groups would be an exhausting, ruinous effort to both sides; the balance of forces promises no decided success to either party, and therefore the great interest of most of them is to avoid it. The temper of the French is, however, still thought to be correctly described by the Bismarckian words, that if there were war between Germany and Russia, "the chassepots would go off of

themselves." In other words, French feeling places French policy at the disposal of Russia, although the Russian government will hardly begin a war for any merely French object. This situation makes the Russian emperor the arbiter of peace or war, and for this reason so much deference is paid to him.

The action of Russia in preparing her army for campaigns against possible European enemies seems to have been the outcome of a natural and reasonable policy. In general terms this policy may be described as the effort to bring the power or influence of Russia to bear upon the centre of gravity of the political world (or at least of the old world) which lies in Europe, rather than to disseminate that power by employing it in fragments at points far away from the centre of gravity. The effect has been to diminish Russia's military activity in Asia without diminishing her political influence there.

The movement of troops was carried out in the main in 1887. No thorough local preparations had been made, and large masses were quartered in districts where there were neither houses nor huts. Disease ravaged among the troops, and a long time passed before camps had been replaced by barracks or other permanent quarters. This carelessness of life and want of forethought is hardly a good omen for the future operations of these armies. The principal difficulty attaching to the movements of very large forces consists in securing that all the men shall be properly fed and shall have such rest and shelter as may suffice for health. During 'the campaign in France these difficulties were overcome by the exertions of a splendidly prepared service directed by the perhaps unique talent of the late General von Stosch. Stosch was far from sanguine as to the possibility of properly supplying in the field the greatly increased numbers of more recent times. He once said that he neither knew how it could be done nor who could do it. In view of the inefficiency of Russian communications, the impossibility of a

large army in the region eastward of the Oder, or, indeed, eastward of the Weser, living upon the country it passes through, and the traditional weakness in point of exactitude of the Russian administrative officials, the westward march from Warsaw and Wilna presents to the imagination dreadful possibilities of privation, disease and starvation. But this by the way. The first effect of the changed distribution of the Russian army was to compel the German government to a large increase of its available force, produced by extending the age of reserve liability so as to make liable in case of war several annual classes that had before been exempt. At the same time German policy was brought up very sharply. Bismarck's last great parliamentary speech, that of February, 1888, was the announcement that in order to avoid a war with Russia and France at once, from which Germany could have nothing to gain, and everything to lose, the German government must make every sacrifice short of that of honor to propitiate Russia. Austria was to be defended if attacked, but not to be supported in her traditional Eastern policy, or at least not in any attempt either to extend her own influence or to stem the extension of Russian influence in the regions now or formerly under Turkish dominion. The normal and natural tendencies of Russian and of Austrian policy in regard to the Eastern question have never been better set forth than in Moltke's introduction to his history of the war of 1828-9. "The task which of necessity Austria will sooner or later have to perform" is "to prevent the downfall of the Ottoman Empire, or to regulate the course of that, perhaps, inevitable event." On the other hand, "Russia is absolutely driven, by her geographical and commercial position, to exercise at Constantinople a predominant influence, without which she can insure neither the internal prosperity of her southern provinces, the development of her maritime enterprise, nor the security of her southern border." The balance of force be-

tween the combination of which Austria is a member, and that of which Russia is the head, coupled with the dangers to all parties attending a conflict between the two sides, has necessitated a compromise in regard to Turkey, based upon the *status quo*, interpreted, so far as the minor states, Bulgaria and Servia are concerned, in the sense favorable to Russia, expounded by Bismarck in the speech to which reference has been made, and so far as the Ottoman Empire is concerned, in the sense that its territorial integrity is to be maintained, but that Russia is to exert the influence which she desires. Thus the first result of the new Russian policy, and of the new distribution of her army, has been a great success in Europe. Austria and her allies are cowed by the prospect of a conflict which to avert they have given Russian influence full scope in Turkey and its former dependencies, the only reservation being apparently that Russia is not to conquer or annex territory. The collapse of the Ottoman Empire is to be postponed, and the delay is to be for the benefit of Russia. This being the constrained attitude of the German and Austrian governments, the public discussion of the nature of the Turkish dominion, such as it has shown itself in Armenia, cannot but be distasteful to them, for it can only lead to the inference that they are actuated in their conduct by the dread of a conflict with the Dual Alliance, an inference which they cannot wish their subjects to draw.

In Asia, also, the new policy has yielded good results. In Persia Russia's influence is already sufficiently strong, and in the direction of India no immediate action seems to be contemplated. An attack upon India, or even upon Afghanistan, will hardly be undertaken until the newly acquired districts of Central Asia have been fully Russified, and until it becomes practicable to assemble a considerable force beyond the Caspian. It would be folly to diminish the force in Europe, which, rationally disposed, produces such a

great effect, for an enterprise of which in present conditions the execution is impracticable. An attack upon India ought to be preceded by a considerable weakening of the general position and status of the British Empire, and this must be effected by means of Russia's European policy.

In the far East, however, a delicate situation was created by the Japanese conquest of Korea, and of the great naval bases on the Gulf of Pechili. If the Japanese were allowed to establish themselves here, the path of Russian extension would be barred, and Japan in possession could, with naval help from England, prevent Russia from ever developing her naval ambition in the Northern Pacific. Prompt, direct, isolated action was not practicable. A Russian army could not be marched across Asia. The Japanese forces were too strong for the Russian forces on the spot, and naval help from European Russia could not be rendered if England should determine to help the Japanese. The danger was that England might see her advantage; might mediate between Japan and China, and guarantee to Japan against Russia the positions she had conquered. A fairly strong British government would hardly have been deterred by joint declarations from Russia and France alone, for prompt action would have given England a great opportunity both in the far Eastern and in European waters, and a serious repulse to Russia in the far East would have reacted on her position in other parts of Asia and in Europe. The accession of Germany to the combination was, therefore, a great service to Russia, and enabled her to recover, without a blow, an important position already lost, to inflict upon England a humiliation which in the far East was palpable, and to reveal to Japan that English governments are not to be trusted to assert the evident interests of their own nation.

That Russia aiming at predominance in Asia, and France seeking to make the Mediterranean a French lake, should see their rival in England the

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE LITTLE GENERAL.

possessor of India and the administrator of Egypt, is quite natural. But the bitter hostility to England expressed in Germany for some time past, and now, as it seems, springing up in Austria also, cannot be accounted for by any natural or evident opposition between the policy of those countries and of Great Britain. The explanation seems to be that Germany and Austria have hoped that the stress under which they are placed would be relieved if England could be entangled in a conflict with either France or Russia, or both, and that this hope has been disappointed. The recent political changes have had for Englishmen one salutary consequence. They must have opened even blind eyes to the fact that between nation and nation there are no sentimental ties. We have no friends, and no nation loves us. We are esteemed in proportion as we are believed to be strong, and any interest taken in our welfare is measured either by the probability that we shall spend sovereigns or use ironclads for the benefit of the nation interested, or by the prospect which that nation sees of extorting from us some of our territory or some of our trade.

The immediate cause of the latest outbreak of Anglophobia is that the Continental powers, having, with great control of their own rivalries, agreed to avert quarrels by postponing the new-ordering of the Turkish Empire, perceive that it is in England's power to upset the whole fabric, and by so doing to shake down over their heads the truce which they have patched up. There is some danger, perhaps, when the governments of the great powers really believe our own government to cherish an insidious design, either for the acquisition of a Turkish province or otherwise to their detriment, that they may concoct together a counter design against England. It is, therefore, a time to put ships in commission, to keep fleets concentrated, and to labor unostentatiously upon the defences of the empire.

SPENSER WILKINSON.

It being a Saturday afternoon, Timothy M'Carthy, senior, was very drunk. He had beaten Kathleen, his wife, much earlier than usual, and Young Tim, coming in soon after, got a stray and careless clout on the side of the head, while poking about for a match to light his pipe.

A year ago Young Tim might have stood this, but he was married now, a six months' married man with a one-roomed house of his own, and having only looked in to pass the time of day, and having also had a glass or two, he felt it to be a breach of hospitality.

"Ye onmannerly ould sinner!" I heard him shout through the open window, "here's for yez!" and the clout was returned generously.

The free fight that came after is still remembered in Rutherford's Close, off the High Street of Edinburgh. They fought the length of the fairly long room, from the fireplace to the door, and back again from the door to the fireplace, as youth or experience proved the stronger, until Kathleen had screamed herself hoarse, and even the hardened children playing in the dirty court below looked up astonished from their dust and mussel-shells.

They fought back again to the door, tugging and straining, at too close quarters to do all the damage they wished, while I watched them from my window, one flat higher on the opposite side of the court.

Then a cunning back-fall sent Young Tim against the door, which flew open, and staggering out of my sight together, they rolled down the dark stair, fighting into the High Street through a crowd of interested neighbors, who were far too sportsmanlike to interfere.

I, having some weeks of hard reading behind me, and an examination very near, was not so liberal-minded as the neighbors, and, going through the wynd presently, expressed my opinions freely to them concerning Messrs. M'Carthy.

"Another such row," I said, "and I'll get old M'Carthy to the police station.

Some of you can tell him so when he's sober."

They told him apparently before that desirable state was reached, and standing under my window a little later, flushed with victory, he expressed his opinion of me and my manners—which he offered to improve in one lesson if I'd give him the chance.

This, I declined to do until he should be saner, whereupon he classified me as a cowardly water-drinking viper, saying there were none such in ould Ireland, thanks be to St. Patrick, and went away to drink again, with the result that a little before midnight Kathleen M'Carthy was yelling murder for all she was worth.

I was awake and dressed, and reading, and I had not forgotten Ould Tim's contemptuous sarcasms. It sounded as though Kathleen was suffering for my shyness of encounter, and that stung me badly. Besides, twice, to my knowledge, killing had been done within a hundred yards of that place without any attempt at interference, and I had no mind to risk being a party to a third such affair. The screams continuing, I ran out and knocked up a neighbor.

"Fetch the police for your life!" I said, "and bring them to Tim M'Carthy's!" and then I bolted down my stair and stumbled up Tim's, until I had groped my way to his door.

There I paused and listened, lurking on the threshold with no thirst for unnecessary risks. Kathleen was now scolding and crying at the same time, so the danger was not pressing. I did not know how many might be in the room, but I calculated that they were likely all to set upon me together, if I presented myself as an unbidden guest, and here I thought I would wait for the police. I listened lest any sudden outbreak should force me to go in alone, but the first fresh sound came from below. A quick step sounded in the wind, and mounted the stair. It was too quick and light for one of the police, but came up with the decided sound of a foot that knew the place and had no need to soften its tread. I moved to meet it, and was at once challenged in

a clear, firm voice, as a shadowy figure rose.

"Ah! Your neighbor met me," the voice broke in directly I began to explain. "You frightened him, and he has insisted on going for the police, though I told him I didn't think they'd be needed. Let's go in!"

"They're quieter now," I whispered; "shan't we wait?"

"Why?" said the voice brusquely; and, without waiting for the answer which I was cudgelling my brains to shape as concisely as the question, the figure threw the door open and stepped in confidently with a "Pax vobiscum."

I, ashamed, followed close upon his heels, and was immediately put on my guard, for Ould Tim, whose whiskey-sodden intelligence, I believe, the salutation had not yet reached, scented treachery, and came for me as straight and as swiftly as his condition would allow.

"Pax vobiscum!" The slight straight figure stepped swiftly between us, one hand upraised, and Tim came no farther.

"Stand you back, Tim M'Carthy!" said the little man severely, "or if you can't stand, then lie, but don't come a step this way, or 'twill be a bad night for you!"

But there was no thought of rebellion. When two tall and sturdy members of the city police tramped stolidly up a few minutes later, there was nothing for them to do. Tim lay asleep and snoring in the corner; Kathleen moaned and winced a little under the deft fingers of the priest, who was dressing a cut over one well-blackened eye, while I, a medical—though it is true only in my second year—was humbly holding the candle. The two men grinned and saluted, getting a quick little nod in return, as my companion, safety-pin in mouth, made a neat reverse of the bandage round Kathleen's head.

"We're no needit," said one of them, with conviction; and I saw a little dry smile develop, as well as it might, round the safety-pin.

The two men saluted again and went away, and we finished patching up Kathleen. After that, the little man,

having shaken his head sternly over the unconscious Tim in the corner, gave a parting word to his wife.

"Send your man to me by nine tomorrow morning, Kathleen M'Carthy—and see that he comes sober. Come round yourself after vespers, and I'll look at your head. Now, sir, if you and I are going down the stair together, we might introduce ourselves."

In that way began my acquaintance with Father Munro.

I walked to his door with him that night, and did not decline so unhesitatingly as I ought to have done when he invited me to come in.

"It's too late, sir," I said; "some other time, if I may."

"Pooh! Nonsense!" said the old man in his sharp, military manner. "Young fellows like you and old fellows like me are no lieabeds. Come away in, man!" and I went with no further ado.

He took me into a fair-sized square room, sparsely furnished, but having its walls hidden by books from floor to ceiling. On the table stood a plate of cold porridge and a quaint, tall glass of milk, set out daintily with a fine white napkin and an old silver spoon; and this I mention, since later I found that a mixture of simplicity with touches of daintiness were characteristic of Father Munro. These things he looked at whimsically for an instant, first at them, then at me, and, making an excuse, left the room. Presently he came back triumphant, a bottle of wine in one hand and a plate of cheese in the other, and, setting them down and paying no heed to my remonstrances, went off again to fetch in more.

"I'm hungry, and can't eat alone," was all he said, when things were arranged to his satisfaction; after which, pouring out wine for me, he said a short Latin grace, and attacked his porridge with vigor and decision, beaming upon me when I showed a good appetite, but taking none of his good things for himself.

After supper, however, he allowed himself a pipe; while I, at his invitation, lit a cigarette, and he started to chat. Of the actual talk little or nothing is worth repeating. I recall it only

because while I watched and listened he showed so clearly what manner of man he was.

His demeanor was courtesy itself, yet peremptory, matching well with the fine, closely cropped head, the benignant face, and strong, firm jaw. A distinguished, almost foreign politeness ornamented his soldierly speech just as a damascening of gold will ornament a good steel blade. I was sure he had lived abroad; I should not have been surprised to hear that he had seen military service, and in my own mind I then and there dubbed him "The Little General." One thing marked him off distinctly from the military types I am accustomed to; he seemed to have no practical respect for the law, as of general application, and that showed itself in the one speech which I think worth repeating.

Speaking of the way in which he had marched in upon Ould Tim, I suggested that he ran more risk than was necessary. At this Father Munro cocked a clear grey eye at me, and asked what I would have had him do.

"The law," I said, "and the police, are for such people, are they not, and for such times? Did you need to run the risk of meeting a mad drunkard, and possibly others behind him, when the police were almost at the door?"

But Father Munro was indignant.

"The law, sir! the law! Risk! and the police! The law is meant to protect the weak and the defenceless, is it not? I was there, and you, sir"—with a polite little bow. "They are my parishioners, and accept me as their judge, yes, and their executioner on occasion. Boastfulness is unbecoming in an old man; but at one time, sir, some said I could use rapier and claymore a bit, and my hand can guard my head yet when I carry my pastoral staff."

He nodded, twinkling quaintly toward a corner of the room, and looking there I saw a stout blackthorn.

"Do you think I go about among my poor children with the law at my back?" he asked, seeming almost hurt at the notion.

"I noticed that the law evidently thought you could take care of your

self," I said, remembering the two policemen, and this seemed to please Father Munro. He laughed, and told me that the police were his very good friends, some of them his parishioners too, and then turned the conversation, chatting to me about books and my own work until I got up hurriedly, with an apology for having been led to forget the time.

"I must be in your parish too, sir," I told him, "and if a heretic is allowed to come in now and then when you're not too busy, or to hope for a pastoral visitation, I wish you would add my name to your list."

The little man, rising alertly to see me out, looked keenly into my eyes for a second, and then held out his hand.

"These doors are open to you, my son, whenever you choose, and if an old man's society won't trouble you, you shall see me up your stairs before long," and he bade me good-night.

After that I began to see Father Munro often, and to hear of him still oftener. Every one who knew him had a good word for him, and after having been seen once or twice in his company, I met the Irish among my neighbors on a very different footing. Even the M'Carthys grew friendly, and nothing pleased Young Tim better than to yarn away about the little priest's doings. He told me of the waking of M'Clure, of the great Orange fight, and of many other matters, in all of which Father Munro was the hero.

"Faith, he's a man!" Young Tim would say at last, in a way that made me think he placed that same man above most of the saints.

One thing, however, Father Munro could not do with either Young Tim or Ould Tim. He could not stop their whiskey-drinking. Ould Tim would keep off it for a Saturday, maybe even two, but rarely three. The longer he was sober, the longer and fiercer would be the bout that followed, and the worse for poor old Kathleen. As for Young Tim, he drank much less, but a much smaller quantity put him in the fighting mood. He never struck his wife, and he tried to avoid Ould Tim;

but when they met, both in their cups, then and there was a battle royal.

Thus things were, when one summer Saturday evening, a year after my first meeting with Father Munro, I passed into the court as Ould Tim came staggering out. At the foot of his stair were some angry women, who, after he had reeled by, screamed their abuse at him. Up-stairs I could hear Kathleen moaning, and I was told that the beating had been much worse than usual, so bad that, just before Ould Tim had left her, one neighbor had gone off for Young Tim and another for Father Munro.

I ran up the stairs, and found the woman badly bruised, but nothing more, and then, on my way to the infirmary, saw Young Tim hurrying away towards the wynd, stick in hand. A little farther on I met the woman who had gone for Father Munro. "His riverence was out," she said, "and wouldn't be in for an hour, when he'd be told," and I passed on, to forget all about the matter a few minutes later, in the work of what is known as intaking, which is as follows:—

Each medical and each surgical ward has its in-taking day and night, during which it receives, if possible, all cases admitted for treatment. On a Saturday night, therefore, there will be a resident surgeon on duty to examine and treat all surgical cases, deciding which shall be admitted, and which must be treated as out-patients. This was receiving night for the surgical ward in which I clerked; and being a Saturday, was fairly busy.

A battered drunkard or two came in, of course, and battered victims of the same. A child also who had been run over, and a girl from the country, at whom the ever-flourishing fool had pointed the ever-handy loaded gun, though, fortunately, without the usual fatal result. We had seen to the girl, and packed her off to bed; and Macintosh, the resident, was relieving his mind, and amusing us, by telling the fool what he thought of him, what might happen, and what might be the consequences to him (the fool), when another cab rolled to the door. A lively

young dresser who sat on the table swinging his legs jumped down and ran out to see what was coming, but came back at once.

"A reverend gentleman on the spree!" he announced; and presently in came Father Munro.

His shovel hat was crushed down over his eyes, his coat collar was turned up to meet it, his face—as much of it as could be seen when he came in—was chalky-white, and the face of Young Tim, on whose arm he leaned heavily, was not much better.

I stepped forward at once, speaking to him by name as I did so, and "The Little General" greeted me with a dazed smile.

"Old bones, Mr. Tregenna, and old eyes! I've had a tumble at last, you see, and Tim M'Carthy insisted on bringing me here."

"Quite right, sir," I said. "Here's the doctor ready for you," and I introduced Macintosh, being very careful to let that gentleman know the sort of man he had for a patient.

I might have spared myself the trouble. Father Munro was his own recommendation, and in two minutes was sitting bolt upright—he refused to lie on the table—having two very ugly head wounds examined and being treated with as much respect as any pope could desire. There were two straight clean cuts, side by side, across the top of the head, and on one side was another, and the resident stood looking at them curiously before he asked any questions.

"How did you say this was done, sir?" he asked.

"I was going up a dark stair," Father Munro told him quietly, "and I had a fall."

"Did your head strike against anything?"

"I expect I struck it in falling," said Father Munro; and then, a little more slowly and distinctly, "it was a mistake made in the dark."

I might be wrong, but it seemed to me that he meant every one in the place to hear that, and standing by the resident, I looked still more carefully at the head. Two clean-cut, parallel wounds on the

top, and one at the side. Where before had I seen such another head? I could not remember, but stood racking my brain with no result.

"Now then, Tregenna! Look alive, man!"

Macintosh roused me from my meditation with a nudge, and I gave him the help that he wanted, wondering all the time.

"Were you alone, sir?"

Macintosh asked this while he pushed the examination further. He seemed puzzled too.

"I was going up the stair alone," Father Munro said patiently.

"You must have struck your head twice, then?"

"I cannot remember all. I was rather stunned, I think."

"Rather!" Macintosh muttered to himself, and then seemed to remember Young Tim, who was still standing and watching us anxiously from the far end of the room. "Were you there at the time?"

Macintosh asked Young Tim the question, but it was Father Munro who answered "M'Carthy found me at the foot of the stair," and Young Tim said nothing.

Macintosh evidently thought that the less his patient talked the better, and he asked no more questions just then.

We got Father Munro to bed, shaved off the thick grey hair, dressed the great scalp wounds, and put an ice cap on the grand old head, and for a time all went well. Before we had finished, I remembered where I had seen other such wounds, but I held my peace and waited.

There was no side-room bed empty, and he was put into the ward for the night.

"In the morning, sir," said Macintosh, surveying him in a critical way, with his tasseled cap on one side, after all was done. "we'll get you a quieter crib."

The old man lay and smiled quietly at him.

"I shall do very well here, doctor, thank you."

"Hope so, sir," Macintosh said, and capped as he wished him good-night, which was unprecedented, and made

even our never-to-be-surprised staff open her eyes widely for a second.

When the morning came it was not thought necessary to move him after all.

Craig, the street preacher, was lying in the next bed when we brought Father Munro in, and, knowing him by sight, was at first strongly antagonistic. I heard the words "papist" and "scarlet woman" muttered wrathfully, while we were getting our charge into bed, and we gave a hint both to Craig and to the night nurse before we left.

The next morning, however, things were very different. Craig, who was my case, beckoned me to his bed directly I went into the wards; he held a finger to his lips, and pointed that Father Munro was dozing.

"Yer boots are fair thunderous," he whispered reproachfully. "Can't you see the man's asleep?"

I took the rebuke calmly, but couldn't resist a dig at him.

"I'm glad you leave him quiet," I said. "I thought you'd be at him if you got a chance."

"There's a time for a' things," said Craig philosophically. "I've kep' an ee on him an' he's a guid heart, though sair misled. We'll hae a bit crack later, maybe, and the doctor needna' be feared. I'll keep the ward quiet."

Twice a day Young Tim came for our bulletin, wild-eyed and anxious, and twice I sent him away comforted. Father Munro lay placid and patient, worshipped by the nurses, and respected by all.

For three days we hoped, and then a change came. He grew restless, turning from side to side, and murmuring to himself. As I stood watching him from Craig's bedside that night he spoke aloud:—

"A wife and bairn," he said, "a wife and bairn," and was silent again.

I was reading the chart that hung at his bed head, when the chief and the resident came in together and looked at him, at which he turned over a little, and looked up into the chief's face with a smile, not quite so bright as usual.

"What's this you want, sir?" asked the chief at last. "One of your parish-

ioners in to see you?" And Father Munro's smile grew brighter. "Tut tut!" the chief went on testily, "you're off duty, man! Some one else is seeing to your work." But Father Munro laid an entreating hand upon his sleeve, and, beckoning him to stoop, whispered in his ear.

"Can't be done," the chief snapped at him when he finished. "I'm responsible for you, you know."

"And I for him," pleaded Father Munro.

The chief frowned down with the frown that awed so many students before they knew him.

"Man, it's fair ridiculous!" he said: "quite unprecedented. I certify that you're not fit for any duty." But Father Munro pleaded on.

When he finished, Macintosh, standing with the chart in his hand, held it out for the chief, who, with a snort of impatience, took it, and stepped away towards me. Then he laid a finger on the upward line that marked a rising body temperature, and turned to Macintosh again.

"Partly this notion of his, I think, sir," Macintosh said softly. "He's worrying over it tremendously, or I shouldn't have troubled you. He slept very little last night, you know."

"What on earth does he want to confess a man for?" asked the chief impatiently; but that was beyond Macintosh, and he shook his head.

"If things go on like this," said the chief, with his finger on the chart, "I shall operate to-morrow morning."

"What do you think of letting him have his way in this?" asked Macintosh; but the chief was quite indignant, and they went down the shadowy ward—it was growing very late—with their heads together, talking softly, while Father Munro lay and watched, peering anxiously after them all the time.

What Macintosh said further I do not know, but they came back to the bed. What Father Munro said further I don't know either, but at last the chief called me, and at once began to relieve his mind.

"What are you doing here at this time of night, Mr. Tregenna?"

"Taking a case, sir."

"You've no right to be here, none at all. There's no discipline here. We can't have this sort of thing, Dr. Macintosh! There! there" (as Macintosh tried to speak); "that will do! it must be seen to." Then he turned and bent over Father Munro again.

"You'll be satisfied if you see this man to-night?" And Father Munro smiled on him. "Ten minutes are all you want, and you promise to sleep after?"

"I shall sleep," he promised; and then I got my instructions.

I was to fetch Young Tim to Father Munro's bedside, and I was to leave him there ten minutes. I was to warn him first as to his behavior, and I was to take him away when time was up. Then we all three left the ward—Macintosh to get a little sleep, for he was to come round again later, the chief to go home, and I to do my errand.

I found Young Tim sitting in his one room, at the top of a seven-storied house, staring out at a cloudless sky, in which stars were beginning to show. His wife and the baby were sound asleep, but Tim looked as though he had never known what sleep meant. He heard my errand in silence, and in silence he walked by me until—in the darkened ward, where only here and there a glimmer of gas was shown, and where the only other moving thing was the ghost-like shape of the night nurse—we stood by Father Munro.

"Ten minutes, my son," was all that the priest said to me; and then, drawing away to a window seat, watch in hand, I left them. Screens fenced the corner in which the bed lay, the last on that side of the ward. I could not see, I could not hear, what was going on. Once or twice I heard a stifled sob, hushed at once by the voice of the Little General. The minutes dragged like hours. The night nurse, moving like a shadow here and there down the glimmering length of the place, the silent forms dimly outlined in the nearer beds, were no company to me. Once I raised my watch until I could see the second-hand moving and hear the sound.

I gave them the ten minutes and a few seconds over. Then I went and

tapped at the screen. The voices had stopped, and when I went round at the Little General's word, he lay and smiled peacefully at me, his hand laid upon Young Tim's head, while Tim's face was buried in the bed-clothes.

"Tim and I have settled our affairs," said the Little General, "and you are a witness to it, my son, if ever witness is needed."

"Tell him, father!" Tim begged.

"Would ye doubt my authority, Tim M'Carthy? I've confessed you, and absolved you, with a penance and a promise. Fare ye well!"

The thin fingers were extended in benediction, and then Tim, the tears streaming down his face, crept away into the darkness, and I knelt in his place.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?"

His hand trembled in the air once more, whether for me or for the vanished man I do not know.

"An innocent wife and a bairn," said Father Munro, "Nunc dimittis," and turning his face to the wall slowly, slipped into dreams from which he never rallied.

The Little General was carried to his grave with more pomp than ever he had encouraged while alive; and many masses were said for his soul before I met Young Tim again, "Though the use av masses to a holy saint in Paradise," as Bridget M'Closky said to me, "is unbeknown."

I had thought of Young Tim often having an uneasy doubt concerning him, and passing up the Grassmarket one night, had him in my mind again, when he stood before me.

"Think of the devil!" I misquoted, and then stopped, for there was light enough to see the words didn't apply.

It was a Saturday night, but Young Tim was sober though excited, and when he asked me for a moment's chat, I invited him to my room. We passed up in silence, I wondering a great deal, but determined to ask no questions. I pointed to a chair, and looked dubiously at my shelves. Hospitality suggested an offer of whiskey and a fill of 'baccy, but I restrained my instincts and faced him in silence.

"I was thinkin', docthor," he said at last, "that as you were friends with the holy father—" and he stopped again.

"What holy father?" I asked. "I know none."

"There's but wan for me," said Tim, and then stopped again. "If you mean poor Father Munro," I answered, "what of him?"

"He laid a penance on me," Young Tim said softly, "an' I'm doin' it, an' will till I die. He giv' me absolution too, an' I giv' him a promise."

"Keep it then!" I said sourly, but Tim went on.

"There's no justice in it. The holy father was always just."

"Shame," I said. "Would you break your promise to a dead man?"

"Sure an' I will if need be," said Tim fervently. "You were there, an' what I must know, had he his sinses?"

"As much as you or I," I said angrily, "if not more. You can't get out of it that way."

Tim rose from his chair and faced me frowning.

"Ye don't know," he cried; "I've all to lose if I break me promise. But, if I made it to a sinless saint who couldn't judge me or me sin, I'll break me promise, and be judged by a harder man."

I sat and puzzled it out, while the voices of the children came up from the reeking court, and Tim leaned against the mantelpiece, breathing hard, but watching me steadily.

"He was a better and wiser man than either of us," I said at last. "The secret lies between you and him, and you must keep it;" and Tim, sober and hard-working, holds to his promise still.

As for me, I remember that the only time I saw such wounds as Father Munro had was when, in an election riot, a constable felled a rioter who afterwards came under my hands. His staff made two parallel wounds like knife-cuts, and the other wound was caused by the fall. It was night, and the stair a dark one, where the Little General came by his death-blow. If Young Tim, who had often threatened, was waiting there for Ould Tim when Father Munro tolled up, the rest is

easily understood. But I have asked no questions, and do not intend to. If Young Tim has ever to give an account of that night's doings, I fancy somehow that the Little General will be there to plead for him.

RICCARDO STEPHENS.

From *The Economist*.  
THE QUEEN.

There is no doubt that Britain is "a veiled Republic," and no doubt either that her fortunes are materially affected by the Monarchy, and, therefore, by the character of the monarch. The personality of Queen Victoria, whose reign on Sept. 23rd exceeded that of any previous sovereign, has been of more value to the country than it even yet fully recognizes. We do not mean by this only that a virtuous woman on the throne has done much for morals and for domestic life, for though that is quite true and vastly important, it is also true that the deep-seated Puritanism of the British character would have survived frivolity upon the throne or even vice. Charles II. debauched a court by choosing debauchees for courtiers, but he made no deep impression upon the solid strata of English general society. The benefit conferred by the queen upon her subjects has included a great example, but has also been of a more direct kind than that. She has for nearly sixty years helped to select wise ministers, and when they were selected has helped them to govern wisely. The whole of her influence has been well directed, and her influence has been much greater than is commonly supposed. The "figure-head theory" of our monarchy, as Mr. Bagehot long ago pointed out, is only partially true, for the sovereign can still encourage or discourage a line of policy, can still oppose or promote the selection of its agents, and can still compel every minister to consider very seriously what it is that he proposes to do. There is no right of the monarch more unquestionable or more frequently exercised than that of asking "clearer

explanations," and the person to whom you must explain yourself is always a person of influence on your counsels. The mere fact that explanation is obligatory implies deference in those who explain, and when the person to be convinced is clear-headed, is very familiar with affairs, and knows how to maintain a kind of unapproachable dignity, that deference is certain to be paid, if only to avoid the rebuke of which an outspoken sovereign, such as all the members of this dynasty have been, would not be sparing. The queen, therefore, has been, at all events ever since her marriage, a most important councillor of state, knowing everything, discussing everything, and not infrequently exerting her much dreaded reserved power—that of asking whether the advice tendered her was that of a unanimous Cabinet, or had only been arrived at by suppressing serious differences of opinion. There is no power, in the strict sense, in this right to be consulted, but there is enormous influence, and that influence has been always exerted, as is known to many politicians, to keep the march of the Monarchy steady, to make policy continuous, and to avoid capricious or even hastily-advised action. That the two great parties in the State have never paralyzed each others' action, a danger to which party government is peculiarly exposed, that personal jealousies have been well kept down, and that the great machine has never, at all events, been seen to leave the rails, is due in no small measure to steady pressure from a queen who, from the first, accepted the constitutional system, who has never been captured by any politician, and who has never betrayed any reluctance to work with any party in the State. As the queen is intensely interested in politics, and has definite and strong opinions of her own, it is difficult to exaggerate the amount of self-suppression which such an attitude requires, or the effect which the consciousness of that self-suppression must have had upon the minds of successive ministers. It is an easy thing to say that the "Queen takes advice," but so to take it as not to embarrass the min-

istry which gives it when it is unwelcome, requires tact, solid sense, and above all, a power of convincing able men, made suspicious by the party warfare, that the sovereign is immutably loyal—incapable, for example, of stimulating a growing disaffection by circulating her own opinion that ministers are in error. There have been bitter critics of the queen from time to time both in Parliament and the press, but there has never been so much as a hint given yet that the queen was undermining a ministry.

The service thus rendered to the State in steady and clarifying counsel has been greatly increased by the secrecy which her Majesty has to the most singular degree succeeded in maintaining. Outside a most limited circle, the public has never known the queen's opinions. Many will consider that a trifle, but it reveals the possession by the sovereign of very exceptional judgment. Princes have usually much confidence in themselves, they by no means like to hide their light, and they enjoy showing that they are constituent and important parts of the machine of government. The queen has never put herself forward so as either to shield or to thwart a minister; has, on the contrary, while working steadily for six or seven hours a day, suffered herself to be considered by the majority of her people rather as an ornamental figure-head, than as one of the propellers in the great ship. There is a great absence not only of vanity, but of selfishness, in that line of conduct, which is one that very competent statesmen have repeatedly shown themselves unable to follow. They must make a fuss with themselves instead of leaving it to time to reveal the parts they have played and the judgments they have formed—a weakness from which the queen has shown herself to be entirely free. She has been silent, sometimes under strong provocation—as, for instance, in regard to all the preposterous libels as to her habit of accumulation—and has left it to her life to reveal her to her people. She has, in fact, throughout life played in a supreme position the part of a woman of strong sense, much reticence,

and a clear realization of what that position required and what it forbade. The result has been that warm appreciation of the utility as well as of the character of the sovereign which has made the throne distinctly stronger than it was when she ascended it, and his developed loyalty so strongly that its expression tends sometimes to a little fulsomeness. The queen has not been the cause of the wonderful prosperity which has hitherto marked her reign, but her sound sense has been one of the causes why successive ministries have been so little carried away by that prosperity, but have helped to remove obstacles out of the way. That the queen throughout her long and successful reign has advanced steadily with her people till the United Kingdom though still a Monarchy is also the most perfect Democracy now existing, is a feat which reveals either a judgment, or, as we have said, a self-suppression, which deserves at the hands of all classes more credit than it receives. The queen has received this week many compliments and many felicitations; we prefer to consider her as one who through an extraordinary period of time has carried on the business of reigning with dignity over a free people with unsurpassed judgment and good sense. If she had been a Tudor she could not have managed better, and would not have managed half so well.

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From Good Words.  
WATCHMEN'S SONGS.

The idea of watchmen and watch-towers seems to be surrounded with romance, and to teem with historical associations. From the dazzling brilliancy of electric-lighted streets, alive with traffic throughout the night hours, we look back through the long vista of ages to the times when the watchtower and the watchmen were essential features of life. We hear the solemn purport of the night guardian of Jerusalem, can see the ancient tower

on the walls of Babylon, and listen to the tocsin bell of Ghent's belfry, which through centuries of turbulent history acted as guide, philosopher, and friend to the citizens. Or a vision of Nuremberg in its mediæval beauty, with its watch-towers upon the city walls; Lucerne with its Nine on the fortifications, sentinels of eternity over some of Nature's fairest work; Rome, with its Capitoline Hill and its strangely garbed watchmen; and the old Swiss canton of Tessino, where the antiquity and in-veteracy of old customs is proved by the night-watch call being still given in old German, although the common language of the people has, for centuries, been Italian.

To come nearer home, we have the watch-towers of York and Chester; and at Knutsford, in Cheshire, the bellman is still an important man, and concludes his perorations with "God save the queen, and the lord of this manor."

It was in 1253 that Henry III. established night watchmen, and these, and later the bellmen, continued as guardians until 1830, when Sir Robert Peel's Police Act was passed. Cambridge, however, retained its bellman for six years longer, and his services were then transferred to the lamplighter. The watchmen are still to be met with in certain parts of Europe, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Poland, in Italy, and in some of the Ardennes districts, where the watchman's horn-blasts, one for each hour, are not heard with unmitigated satisfaction by the drowsy tourist. At Predazzo in the Tyrol, an addition is made to the telling of the hour, "Vigilate sopra il fuoco. Sia lodato Jesu Christo" (Watch against fire. Praised be Jesus Christ), and then again at Bregenz there is a charming custom of eulogizing a bygone heroine, one Hergutha or Gutha, who in the thirteenth century saved the little town from falling into the hands of the men of Appenzell, during a siege of nine weeks in the winter of 1408. Instead of the hour at midnight they cry, "Ehr Gutha!" (Honor Judith).

And when to guard old Bregenz,  
By gateway, street, and tower,

The warden paces all night long,  
And calls each passing hour;  
Nine, ten, eleven, he cries aloud,  
And then, O crown of Fame!  
When midnight pauses in the skies,  
He calls the maiden's name.

Thus has Adelaide Anna Procter rendered with consummate art this incident of the Swiss invasion. A benediction or prayer is part of the cry in many country districts of the Tyrol. From that most quaint little collection of Samuel Rowland's, entitled, "The Common Calles, Cries, and Sounds of the Bellman" (1639), I quote some of the following. The sub-title of the collection is "Or, Divers Verses to put us in Minde of our Mortality, which Serve as Warnings to be Prepared at all Times for the Day of Death." Thus the solemnity which characterizes these sounds will not be wondered at. Here, for instance, is a warning which must have seemed most impressive in the receptive hour of dawn:

All you that in bed doe lye,  
Harken well to what I cry:  
Leave off your sins, repentance crave;  
It is the only way your soules to save.

Or,

O Harke, O harke, my masters all,  
To your poore servant's cry and call,  
And know all you that lie at ease,  
That our great God may, if He please,  
Deprise you of your vital breath.  
Then sleeping, thinke your sleepe is death.

Another verse runs:—

The belman like the wakefull morning cocke,  
Doth warne you to be vigilant and wise;  
Looke to your fire, your candle, and your locke,  
Prevent what may through negligence arise.  
So may you sleepe with peace,  
And wake with joy,  
And no mischances shall  
Your state annoy.

For certain days of the week the bellman had certain verses:—

#### FOR SUNDAY.

Let labor passe, let prayer be,  
This day the chiefest worke for thee;

Thy selfe and servants more and lesse,  
This day must let all labor passe.

#### FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

All you that now in bed do lie,  
Know Jesus Christ this night did die,  
Our souls most sinful for to save,  
That we eternall life might have.  
His whips, His grones, His crown of thorns,  
Would make us weep, lament, and mourn.

A very extraordinary sound woke up the good people on St. David's Day.  
It began:—

I am no Welchman, but yet to show  
The love I to the country owe;  
I call this morning and beseeke  
Each man prepare him for his leeke.  
For as I hear some men say  
The First of March is Saint David's Day.

New Year, Christmas, Innocents' Day, and many others had all special sounds. That for the 1st of January ran:—

All you that doe the bel-man heere  
The first day of this hopefull yeare,  
I doe in love admonish you,  
To bid your old sins all adue,  
And walk as God's just law requires,  
In holy deeds and good desires,  
Which if to doe you'll doe your best,  
God will, in Christ, forgive the rest.

Finally, I quote one which seems to incorporate the whole relations of bellman and sleepers:—

Sicke men complaine, they cannot sleepe,  
The belman such a noise doth keepe;  
Others that doe well at play,  
Sayes he too soone proclaims the day.  
Yet to the sicke that draw short breath,  
It puts them in the mind of death.  
And saies the gamester makes good stake  
If he for heaven so long would wake.  
And all this while like silly worme  
He doth his office but performe.  
Then if his duty breed disease,  
Heele goe to bed and none displease.

One of the most tragic of bellman's songs was that of the parish of St. Sepulchre's, where the practice was on the eve of an execution for the bellman to go under the window of the condemned cell at Newgate, to ring his bell, and to repeat these verses:—

All you that in the condemn'd hold do lie  
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.  
Watch all and pray; the hour is drawing  
near,  
That you before the Almighty must ap-  
pear.  
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,  
That you may not to eternal flames be  
sent.  
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow  
tolls,  
The Lord have mercy on your souls!  
Past twelve o'clock!

According to a note in Stowe's "Survey of London" (1618), the repetition of the verse should be by a clergyman, one Robert Done, citizen and merchant tailor of London, having given to the parish of St. Sepulchre the sum of £50 for that purpose. The beadle of Merchant Taylors' Hall had a similar stipend, to see that it was duly done. Rather quaint is this city bellman's song:—

Maides to bed and cover coale,  
Let the mouse out of her hole;  
Crickets in the chimney sing,  
Whilst the little bell doth ring.  
If fast asleepe, who can tell  
When the clapper hits the bell?

The church-bells used to serve the purposes of clocks before the latter became common. In 1536 the Corporation of Shrewsbury made an order for the payment of the clerk of St. Alkmunds for ringing the *watch-bell* at 4 A.M., so that the watchmen might know their duties were over.

Amongst the Volkslieder of the German Fatherland, there are numerous specimens of watchmen's songs, which, like many others of the songs of the people, have been solely preserved by oral transmission. Contrasted with the more modern watchmen's songs, these old German Lieder seem to us most elaborate; but it must be remembered that time was of less value in the romantic Middle Ages than it is in this prosaic and most cursory nineteenth century. I have only been able to give a few verses out of each of these songs, which are calculated by their length "to last out a night in Russia."

## OLD GERMAN WATCH SONG.

Listen, townsmen, hear me tell  
Ten hath struck upon our bell,  
God hath given commandments ten,  
That we might be happy men.  
Nought avails that men should ward us,  
God will watch, and God will ward us;  
May He of His boundless might,  
Give unto us all good night.

Now all stars must fade away,  
Quickly now must come the day,  
Thank your God, who through each hour,  
Kept you with a Father's power.  
Nought avails, etc.

At the beginning of this century the watchmen at Herrnhuth, an old German town, used to intimate the hour in the following quaint lines. There is a simple piety and vividness of diction about some of the verses which appeal very strongly to the imagination. It is, in truth, an epitome of the Christian's duty, and a supplication which it would be difficult to forget. The sixth verse is impregnated with brier humor, doubtless the good Wächter, like other servants, was not sorry to see his term of office expire, and having done as much as he could for the souls of his sleeping fellow-citizens, he feels he may safely commit them to their own guardianship during their waking hours.

## VIII.

Past eight o'clock! O, Herrnhuth, do  
thou ponder,  
Eight souls in Noah's ark were living  
yonder?

## IX.

'Tis nine o'clock! Ye brethren, hear it  
striking?  
Keep hearts and houses clean, to our  
Saviour's liking.

## X.

Now, brethren, hear the clock is ten and  
passing,  
Now rest but such as wait for Christ em-  
bracing.

## XI.

Eleven is past! Still at his hour eleven,  
The Lord is calling us from earth to  
heaven.

The following is an interesting speci-

men of the watchmen's songs in use in Germany at the present day:—

Hört ihr, herren, und lasst euch sagen,  
Die glocke hat acht geschlagen,  
Bewahret das feuer und das licht,  
Dass in unisre stadt kein schaden geschieht.

Lobt Gott den Herrn.

(Translation.)

Listen, gentlemen, hear me tell,  
Eight hath struck upon the bell,  
Guard ye the fires and the candles all,  
That no harm to our town may befall.  
Praise God the Lord.

It is interesting to compare with this Longfellow's "Song of the Curfew," with its injunction:—

Cover the embers  
And put out the lights.  
Toil comes with the morning,  
And rest with the night.

A physician travelling in Switzerland some years ago thus alludes to the songs of the watchmen who disturbed his nocturnal slumbers at Chur, a town in the canton of the Grisons: "We had very indifferent rest in our inn, owing to the over-zeal of the Chur watchmen, whose practice it is to perambulate the town through the whole night—twelve in number—and who, on the present occasion, certainly displayed a most energetic state of vigilance. They not only called, but sang out every hour in the most sonorous strains, and even sang a long string of verses on the striking of some. The song which follows is a very good specimen of these nightly lyrics, which are of ancient origin, and have their counterparts in various parts of Germany."

#### WATCH CHANT AT CHUR.

Hear ye Christians, let me tell you,  
Our clock has struck eight,  
Our clock has struck nine, etc.  
*Eight*, only eight in Noah's time  
Were saved from punishment. *Eight!*  
Nine deserves no thanking.  
Man think of thy duty! *Nine!*  
Ten commandments God enjoined,  
Let us be to Him obedient. *Ten!*  
Only eleven disciples were faithful,  
Grant Lord that there be no falling off.  
*Eleven!*

*Twelve* is the hour that limits time,  
Man think upon eternity! *Twelve!*  
*One!* O man, only one thing is needful:  
Man, think upon thy death! *One!*

#### II.

Get up in the name of Jesus Christ,  
bright day  
The                    is near at hand;  
day soon  
The clear day that ne'er delayed;  
God grant us all a good day!  
A good day and happy hours  
I wish you from the bottom of my heart.  
Five, O! reckon five, O!

At Altorf, the "Wächterrüle" were not so lengthy, but they were equally redolent of piety and of patriotic feeling. In the town of Glarus the evening call is chanted at ten o'clock, and the morning one at four o'clock.

#### EVENING CALL.

I come upon the evening watch;  
God give you all good night,  
Quench fire and light,  
That God may you guard.  
List to what I tell you,  
The clock has struck ten.

#### MORNING CALL.

Get up in the name of the Lord Jesus  
Christ,  
For the day has appeared.  
The sun comes down over the mountains,  
So I wish you all a good day.  
List to what I tell you,  
The clock has struck four.

The towns of Neuchatel and Zurich used to have their choral watchmen, but, like many other ancient and interesting features and relics, these have passed away with the legions of the bygones. The following stanza in the Swiss patois may occasionally be heard in the outlying districts of the Zurich canton:—

Now stand I on the evening watch.  
Protect us, God, this night;  
Give to body and soul rest,  
And lead us all to heaven.

An interesting story accounts for the watch-cry dating from the fourteenth century, and still used in the old Rhine town of Stein. Both story and song are hereditary oral possessions of the

people of Stein, who regard them as their most valued heirloom. When the conflicts between the towns and the feudal lords were raging, a plot to deliver Stein into the hands of neighboring nobles was made, several traitorous citizens entering into it. The gate of the city was to be opened to the enemy by them at 2 A.M., the watchword agreed upon being "Noch a Wyl" —"Yet a while." A shoemaker living near the gate overheard the whispered signal and the clatter of arms outside, and rushing to the watchhouse gave the alarm, and so saved the town. "Noch a Wyl" was adopted as the watchword of Stein, and ever since the watchman, as he calls the hour of two, chants "Noch a Wyl, Noch a Wyl."

## COPENHAGEN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

When darkness blinds the earth,  
And the day declines,  
That Time then us reminds  
Of death's dark grave.  
Shine on us, Jesus sweet,  
At every step,  
To the grave-place,  
And grant a blissful death.

FIVE O'CLOCK.

O Jesu! Morning Star!  
Our King, unto Thy care,  
We so willingly command,  
Be Thou his sun and shield!  
Our clock it has struck five.  
Come mild sun  
From mercy's pale;  
Light up our house and home.

This translation Mr. William Burton gives in his "A Voyage from Leith to Lapland." Speaking of these Copenhagen night-guardians, he says that from eight in the evening until four in the morning, all the year round, they chant a fresh verse at the expiration of each hour. The cadence is generally deep and guttural, but with a peculiar emphasis and tone. From a distance it floats on the still night air with a pleasing and impressive effect. The verses are of great antiquity, and were written by one of the Danish bishops. The sheet on which these are printed has an emblematic border, very rudely engraved; in the centre there is a figure

of one of the ancient watchmen; at the top of the sheet are the lines:—

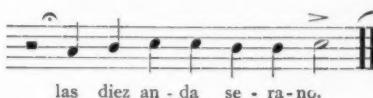
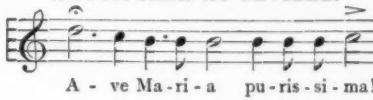
Watch and pray,  
For time goes;  
Think, and directly,  
You know not when.

And over the engraving:—

Praised be God! Our Lord, to whom  
Be love, praise, and honor.

The following are the watch-calls at Seville and Malaga; similar ones are used by the watchmen in some parts of South America:—

## WATCH-CALL AT SEVILLE.



## WATCH-CALL AT MALAGA.



## WATCH-CRY AT CADIZ.



In Chili the police consists of two distinct bodies, the one cavalry, the other on foot, and they fulfil the office of watchmen, carrying swords. The police patrol the streets in general, whilst the latter take charge of some particular portion of the city, for which they are responsible. A peculiar system exists in Valparaiso, by which a message may be sent through a watchman from one end of the town to the other, and an answer obtained within fifteen minutes. This is done by means of a loud and shrill whistle carried by the watchmen, the tones of which vary as occasion requires. When all is well the whistle runs as follows:—



When they cry the hour they all sing the same tune, but the pitch varies according to the voice:—



In the morning the watchmen add the prayer:—

*Ave Maria, purissima las cinco y media,* the music in no way differing from that of the night-song.

The "chowkeydar" on the frontier of Nepaul is an interesting personality; he perambulates the village at night, giving vent to loud cries or fierce howls, which are echoed by all the neighboring "chowkeydars." The cries are not all unmusical, and the watchman, who is a low caste man, is by no means un-picturesque, with his blue puggara or official badge, and his iron-bound staff. In many Oriental countries the watchman is still a necessity.

Civilization has proved the Juggernaut of much that was artistic and picturesque in bygone days. With steam it has deadened the song of the sailor, the rhythmical chant of the ploughman and the wagoner; and with the policeman's rattle, the introduction of gas and electricity, the watchman and his quaint hour-songs have passed away.

The streets of any great city 'twixt midnight and dawn are now full of life, and as light as day. The watchmen would find no work in these, for the nineteenth century pedestrian does not need to be told in sonorous tones:—

Two o'clock, a fine night, and all is well.

LAURA ALEXANDRINE SMITH.

From The Spectator.  
BLOODTHIRST.

We have no word in English to express slaughter-thirst, which is a pity,

for it would describe the passion so often found in kings and conquerors much better than bloodthirst. The latter exists, as we shall shortly show, but not often in kings, who, with scarcely an exception, possibly, indeed, with only one exception in history, have, when evil in that way, been animated rather by a passion for destructiveness than by true bloodthirst. The latter was probably upon Ivan the Terrible, when he indulged in his blood-bath at Novgorod, where sixty thousand free citizens are supposed to have fallen under his eyes; but the regular "bloodthirsty" prince is usually only a perfectly callous person who wishes to be finally rid of his enemies in the quickest and easiest way, or who believes that terror is the strongest instrument of government. Indifference to human life can become, and often does become, quite perfect, as when Tilly explained the horrors of the sack of Magdeburg as an indulgence to his soldiers, or when Napoleon, for the amusement of some mistress of a night, sacrificed fifty of his soldiers in an escalade which he knew to be positively futile for any military purpose. Nero probably felt no pleasure in the death of his victims, but only relief at their removal, and if Philip II. had been given to introspection he would have explained his own conduct in dooming the inhabitants of the Low Countries to death as a measure of policy justified by their rebellion and their heresies. If it is true that Charles IX. of France stood on his balcony during the massacre of St. Bartholomew shouting out "Kill! kill!" it is probable that the true bloodthirst had come upon him, the raging desire to take life as a relief to the burning hate within; but his mother, who planned the massacre, was probably free from any impulse of the kind. Her motive was anxiety for her children's dynastic safety, coupled, it may be, with dislike for men in whose religious separateness she had detected, what certainly existed, a deep trace of the revolutionary spirit. Whether in rulers like the French Terrorists there was not also some of the

passion which is always visible in the great poisoners, the thirst for a supreme and sudden exercise of power, may be doubted, but only Carrier can be at all clearly shown to have exulted in bloodshed, or rather in slaughter for its own sake. Nadir Shah, who in northern India piled up columns of heads, and the late shah of Persia, who tore out traysful of eyes, would, we imagine, have declared, and declared truly, that they terrorized from policy, and had no personal pleasure in the death of any man. They would have had no sorrow in the destruction of half the human race, and would have felt about it as little as the Mongol chieftains who proposed to a son of Tchensis Khan to extirpate the people of China and turn their provinces into grassy steppes excellent for feeding horses, but if all the world had been patiently submissive they would have slaughtered no one. It is difficult for modern minds to realize the mental condition of such men, or conceive that they could be free from a devilish lust for blood, but it is quite possible that they felt no more about killing in cold blood than great soldiers of the more brutal type have felt about killing on the field of battle. Such horrors were incidental to their work, and they overlooked them, as Marcus Aurelius or Diocletian overlooked the sufferings of the thousands of Christians whom they doomed to painful deaths. Abd-ul-Hamid seems, among rulers, to approach a step nearer to the true bloodthirst. His Armenians are so submissive and such good taxpayers that it is difficult to believe that in sanctioning their massacre he is not influenced by the desire for bloodshed for its own sake; but even he never sees his victims, and can control his appetite when convenient. It is conceivable, too, to those who have studied the history of fanaticism, that he believes himself in some dim way to have the right to slay, that he is really appointed to be what all the sultans call themselves, the Hunkiar, the man-slayer, divinely intrusted with the right and the power to remove all infidels dangerous to Islam.

It seems to the English of to-day an impossible belief, but something like it must have been in the mind of the first Simon de Montfort when he extirpated the Albigenses, and of Alva when he drowned the Low Countries in blood.

The passion of which the word "bloodthirst" is truly descriptive seems to be a kind of temporary mania excited in human beings by killing human beings, and in them only by that act. Animals are free of it. Even the great felidae, with their ferocity developed by generations of hunger, never display it,—never, for example, attack whole herds for the pleasure of killing beasts which they cannot eat. There is a faint approach to it in the dog who "worries" a flock of sheep, but he does not kill on the spot, and seems at all events to be actuated not by lust of blood or even by the spirit of tyranny, but by an insane desire for a special dainty,—the fat of the sheep's liver. The human being with the bloodthirst on him wants most to kill after he has been killing. Soldiers, otherwise most respectable, have acknowledged the feeling as rising in them after a hard-fought day, when many friends have fallen around them, and there are moments in battle when, as the soldiers say, they "see red," and in many armies, perhaps in all, it is difficult for their officers to induce them to give quarter. Killing relieves their burning thirst for vengeance. There are moments in almost every campaign, as all military historians know, when even highly disciplined soldiers seem to lose their reason, when their officers are powerless, and perfectly useless carnage cannot be stopped. The existence of this passion, which no experienced soldier doubts, is the true explanation of the awful slaughter which occurred in some ancient and some Asiatic battles, and of that ghastly incident of warfare amongst savages, their almost constant habit of killing out the wounded. It explains also the devilish excitement and thirst for more slaughter which, as the record of scenes like the St. Bartholomew murders or the murders recently committed

in Constantinople proves, falls upon a crowd which has shed much blood. Many, perhaps a majority, do not feel it, but the ferocious remainder appear to go literally and medically mad, with an impulse which has in it that of the murderer and of the hunter combined, and unless controlled by some form of terror they will go on killing while victims remain to be discovered. A separate passion of bloodshedding arises in them, and tigers would be less cruel, the cruelty—it is one of the strangest of the arcana of human nature—increasing with the absence of resistance. It might, indeed, be possible to hold them partly irresponsible, but for the fact that they can instantly be reduced to order and sanity by appealing to their fears. A few soldiers, a volley, and the wildest mob, mad, literally mad to all appearance with the blood-thirst, will become on the instant reasonable, will take orders, will abandon, and in some instances even regret, its frightful excesses. A whiff of grape-shot would have calmed the French Terrorists at any moment, and a thousand of the Irish constabulary with rifles, would restore the worst mob of Constantinople to comparative sanity in ten minutes. It is because the English as a rule are so free of the blood-thirst that we dare to be so lenient with our mobs, and because the rulers of foreign States know and dread the impulse that they are, as we all think, so much too ready to resort to violent repression. A Southern mob, an Asiatic mob, or an African mob which has once begun to kill cannot be stopped except by an appeal to terror, a grim fact which those who believe in human nature, as we do not, will do well to ponder over. The wild beast latent in man becomes, as we are now seeing every week or so in Turkey, wilder, not tamer, with release from external restraints. If the optimist philosophers were right, all men would be humane, for nothing can be so convenient as humanity; but as a fact there is nothing on earth so cruel as man if once he has broken loose from his fetters of custom, conscience, and social pressure, and

has tasted blood. Till the first enemy falls a mob can be moved by reason or by pity; after that it listens, as a rule, only to terror for its own life.

From The Contemporary Review.

#### THE CONSTANTINOPLE MASSACRE.

[The following article, though for obvious reasons it cannot be signed, may be taken as thoroughly well-informed.—ED. CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.]

It is about two years since the massacre in Sassoon which led England, France, and Russia to intervene in a feeble way for the protection of the Armenians in Turkey. It is just a year since several hundred Armenians were beaten to death by Softas and Zabtieh in the streets of Constantinople. This brought the fleets to the vicinity of the Dardanelles, and after much negotiation brought five small gunboats to Constantinople. Beginning in October at Trebizon, there were massacres and looting in all the principal cities of seven provinces, and a general destruction of villages and rural population in the same provinces. According to the latest estimates, about one hundred thousand were killed, and about half a million reduced to want. The Great Powers did nothing, and, England and Italy excepted, looked on with indifference. Russia entered into a new alliance with the sultan to guarantee the integrity of his empire.

On the Continent the people generally were in sympathy with the policy of the governments and took no interest in the fate of the Christian subjects of the sultan—which naturally confirmed him in his belief that he could treat them as he pleased without fear of Europe. In the spring the Cretans revolted, and in August, through the intervention of the powers, secured all that they asked for in the way of autonomy.

The Armenian revolutionists, encouraged by the outbreaks in Crete, Syria and Macedonia, appealed anew to the Embassies and to the Turkish gov-

ernment to secure some reasonable reforms for the Armenians, and accompanied this demand with the threat that they would create disturbances if their demands were not heeded. They planned outbreaks at Adana, Angora, and Van. Only the last came to a head, and it resulted in the death of most of the revolutionists and the massacre of several thousand innocent persons. This outbreak at Van was utterly foolish in its conception, without any possible hope of success, and very badly managed. Then early in August came the threat of an outbreak at Constantinople, which was treated, as all such threats have been by the ambassadors, with contempt. But those who knew the city have known for many months that some such outbreak was sure to occur if the persecution of the Armenians continued unchecked, and have foreseen the consequences. If the Armenians were not the most peaceable and submissive people in the world, this city would have been in ashes before this time, for they have had everything to drive them to desperation. They have bowed their heads and submitted to this also; but it was certain that the revolutionists would try to rouse them and to startle Europe in some way. The Turks also seem to have desired this outbreak. They were fully informed as to the plan of seizing the Ottoman Bank on August 26. This is stated in the proclamation of the sultan, published in the Turkish papers the next day, and has been affirmed by many of the officers since. They did nothing to prevent it; but spent all their energy in preparing for the massacre which was to follow.

The theory of the Russian Armenian revolutionists who seized the Ottoman Bank was, that if they could hold it with the threat of blowing it up if their demands were not listened to, the ambassadors would force the sultan to grant the reasonable reforms which they demanded for the Armenians, rather than permit the destruction of the Bank and its staff. It was a scheme borrowed from the theatre, absurd in

itself, and made ridiculous by the way in which they failed to carry it out. They went in bravely, and nothing hindered their destroying the Bank, but they allowed themselves to be talked out of it by Mr. Maximoff, the Russian dragoman, and would have been the laughing stock of the world if its attention had not been absorbed by the massacre which followed. The real heroism of that day was displayed in another quarter of the city, by another small party of Russian Armenians, men and women, who took possession of two stone houses and fought the Turkish troops to the death, the survivors killing themselves when they could fight no longer. There was no serious fighting anywhere else, although dynamite bombs were thrown from the windows of houses and khans upon the troops in a number of places, showing that some preparation had been made for a more extended outbreak. There is nothing to be said in justification of this attempt of the revolutionists. They had provocation enough to justify anything in reason, but there was nothing reasonable in this plan, nothing in it to attract the sympathy of the powers or to conciliate public opinion; and if the statements are true which have been made by Armenians as to certain unexecuted parts of the plan, it was diabolical. This only can be said on behalf of these revolutionary committees. They are the natural outcome of the treatment of the Armenians by the Turkish government during the last twenty years. When oppression passes a certain limit and men become desperate, such revolutionary organization always appears. They are the fruit and not the cause of the existing state of things in Turkey, and if we can judge by the experience of other countries, the worse things become here, the more violent will be the action of these committees, whether Europe enjoys it or not.

Revolutionists are the same all the world over, but the Turkish government is unique, and it is not the attack on the Bank which interests us but the action of the government which fol-

lowed it. As we have said, the authorities had full information of what was to be attempted and did nothing to prevent it, but they made every preparation for carrying out their own plan. Bands of ruffians were gathered in Stamboul, Galata, and Pera, made up of Kurds, Lazes, and the lower class of Turks, armed with clubs, knives or firearms; and care was taken that no one should kill or plunder in the quarter to which he belonged, lest he should be recognized and complaint made afterwards by the embassies, with a demand for punishment. A large number of carts were in readiness to carry off the dead. The troops and police were in great force to prevent any resistance, and to assist the mob if necessary. It was a beautiful day, the streets were crowded, and few had any idea of what had happened at the Bank, when suddenly, without any warning, the work of slaughter and plunder began, everywhere at once. European ladies on the way to the Bosphorus steamers suddenly found themselves surrounded by assassins, and saw men beaten to death at their feet. Foreign merchants saw their own employés cut to pieces at their doors. The streets in some places literally ran with blood. Every man who was recognized as an Armenian was killed without mercy. In general, the soldiers took no part in the slaughter and behaved well, and this somewhat reassured those in the streets who were not Armenians; but in a few moments the shops were closed and a wild panic spread through the city. The one idea of every one was to get home; and as the foreigners and better classes live out of the city in summer they had to go to the Galata bridge to take the steamers, which ran as usual all through the three days of massacre. This took them through the streets where the slaughter was going on, and consequently we have the testimony of hundreds of eye-witnesses as to what took place. The work of death and plunder continued unchecked for two days. On Friday there were isolated outbreaks, and occasional assassinations occurred up to Tuesday. The number

killed will never be known. The ambassadors put it at five thousand or six thousand; the official report to the palace at eight thousand seven hundred and fifty, besides those thrown into the sea. Thousands of houses, shops, and offices were plundered, including a number belonging to Greeks and foreigners. Everything was done in the most systematic way, and there was not a moment of anarchy, not a moment when the army and police had not perfect control of the city during all these days. Certain Armenian quarters—Scutari, Koom Kapou and others—were for some reason protected, and were as quiet and undisturbed as usual. The outbreaks of violence at Bebec and Candilli on the Bosphorus were probably spontaneous and contrary to orders, as was everything done after Friday morning in town.

The quarters where the slaughter and pillage were most terrible were along the Golden Horn—from the Dolma Baghtchë Palace to Hasskuei and from Seraglio Point to Alvan Serai; also at Samatia, near the Seven Towers, and at the Adrianople gate. Large numbers were killed in Pera. The majority of those massacred belonged to the working class—especially the *hamals* (porters)—but a large number of gentlemen, merchants and other wealthy men, were killed, together with about fifty women and children. The savage brutality of the Moslem mob was something beyond all imagination, and in many cases the police joined in beating men to death and hacking others to death with knives, in the very face of Europeans. A friend of mine saw eighteen men dragged by the police, one after another, out of a building in Galata, and cut to pieces at the door. A lady friend saw a procession of Catholic schoolgirls in Pera Street. An Armenian, flying from the mob, took refuge in the midst of them, and was cut to pieces there—his blood spattered over the children's dresses. Some twenty employés at the railway station were seized by the police and beaten to death on the premises. Mr. Maximoff, the Russian dragoman, saw

two men beating an Armenian to death in the street. With the help of his cavass he captured one of them, took him to the nearest police station, and demanded his imprisonment. This was refused, and he took him to Yildiz—he turned out to be a well-known official there. Mr. Herbert, H.M. Charge d'Affaires, to whom the highest honor is due for his action during the massacres, saw many terrible sights with his own eyes—among others a Moslem crowd jeering at a man on the top of a cartload of dead, who was still in the agonies of death. A man whom I knew very well was beaten to death, stripped, and a big cross cut on his breast with a sword. A living child was found in the pile of seven hundred mutilated bodies in the Chichli Cemetery. A friend of mine saw a mob of Turkish women looting the little shop of an Armenian just killed—shouting and laughing, and treading under foot what they did not care to take away. When there were no more Armenians in the streets they were sought out in the khans, shops, and houses, and here in many cases the military officers took an active part in the plunder—if not in the killing. At Hasskuel—where there is a large Jewish population—after the Turks had murdered the inmates of a house, the officers sold the right to plunder it to the Jews. I know one case where an officer received nine pounds for the plunder of a large house. The Jews also assisted the Turks in hunting the Armenians out of their hiding-places, and in some cases killed them themselves. At Hasskuel, Samatia, and Kassim Pacha the women and children left alive are without any means of living. The brutality of the mob in these attacks upon the houses was even more horrible than in the streets, for the women pleaded and sometimes fought for the lives of their husbands and sons, who were mercilessly cut to pieces before their faces. I know of one case where a widow prayed for the life of her only son—an innocent boy. Even the murderers were touched, but the mob of Turkish women behind cried out, "Don't listen; kill him!"

and they killed him in his mother's arms.

At Bebec the mob was made up of the Turkish *hamals* of the village, and at a signal from the *Imam* of the mosque they first attacked the bakery, where they bought their daily bread, generally on credit, murdered every man they could find, and plundered everything—a Turkish woman in a neighboring house pointing out the hiding place of one poor boy.

In many cases European officials appealed to the officers in command of the troops, who were looking on at the slaughter of helpless, unarmed men, to interfere and put a stop to it. The reply was "We have our orders." It was an officer who killed the clerk of the British post-office on the steps. And some of the most cold-blooded and horrible murders took place in front of the guard house, at the Galata end of the bridge, in the presence of officers of the sultan's household of the highest rank. They also had their orders.

Happily for the honor of the Turkish people, there is another side to the story. It was the government and not the people that conducted this massacre. And although the vile instruments employed were told that they were acting in the name of the Prophet, and freely used his name, and are boasting to-day of what they did for Islam, the Sheik-ul-Islam forbade the Softas taking any part in the slaughter and many a pious Turk did what he could to protect his neighbors. Some of them sheltered scores in their own houses, and there are *Ulema* who condemn the whole thing as directly contrary to the teaching of the Koran. The common people accept it as the work of the caliph, which is not to be criticised. One poor woman who had an Armenian family in her house said: "I will protect you against the mob, but if they demand you in the name of the Prophet I must give you up to be killed." I think that many of the common Turks are as much afraid of the Armenians as the Armenians are of them. It is not the people, not even the mob, who are responsible for this great crime. It was

deliberately committed by the government. The ambassadors of the six powers have declared this to be an unquestionable fact in the Joint Note addressed to the Porte.

Since the massacre this same government has been carrying on a warfare against the Armenians which is hardly less inhuman than beating out their brains with clubs. There were from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand Armenians in Constantinople. They were merchants, shopkeepers, confidential clerks, employés in banks and offices of every kind—the chief business men of the city. They were the bakers of the city, they had charge of the khans and bazaars and the wealth of the city; they were the porters, house-servants and navvies. Many thousands of them were from the interior—from the provinces which have been devastated during the past two years—earning money in Constantinople to pay their taxes and support their families. It is this money which has kept alive tens of thousands of families since the massacres. Now the government has undertaken to ruin this whole population. They are hunted about the city and over the hills, like wild beasts. Every day we see gangs of them brought in, hungry, ragged, with utter despair in their faces. The banks, the Debt Commission, the Régie, and all public companies have been required to dismiss their Armenian employés; they have taken them from the Custom House, the coal wharves, the khans, shops, and offices, and even from private houses. Thousands have been sent off at once to the Black Sea ports, to find their way as best they can without money or food to their desolated villages in the interior. Other thousands, on paying blackmail to the officers, have been allowed a few days to close up their business. Thousands have fled to foreign countries, leaving everything behind them, taking advantage of the intervention of the foreign consuls, who have put them on the steamers in the harbor without passports. The wealthy families are getting away by paying enormous bribes for pass-

ports. The terror, the distress, the hopeless anguish of these people, which we see constantly, cannot be described, but, as we can do nothing for them, it makes Constantinople seem like a hell. It is not only the ruin of the Armenians, but the ruin of the city. Many kinds of business have become impossible. The wild Kurds who have taken the place of the Armenians at the Custom House cannot do the work. It takes about five times as long to coal a steamer as formerly.

There is no one in the city to fill the place of the Armenians in the offices and houses, or to run the bakeries. But these statements convey no true impression of the real state of things. It is not simply that men are wanting, or that shops are closed. The foundations of society have been overthrown and all confidence has disappeared. There is no longer any trusted power in the city to represent the principles of law and order. Any government, however severe, which represents these is tolerable. Every man knows what to expect. But when a so-called government uses its power for the destruction rather than the preservation of the lives and property of its subjects; when it organizes mobs to massacre quiet and unoffending men in the streets, and to plunder the town; when it destroys the means of doing business, and exiles by the thousand its most industrious subjects without a pretence of law, then we have a condition of society which is worse than anarchy. It is a reign of terror. It is the Armenians to-day. It may be the Greeks or foreigners to-morrow; and there is no power in Constantinople to resist the forces at the disposal of the palace. There is no ground of security anywhere; and no hope of relief from the present terror. Every one feels that we are on the eve of events even more terrible than what we have seen. It is this which has brought about the financial ruin of the city, which is in itself a source of danger. We have the remnant of the Armenians starving and without the means of earning a living, and the Armenian revolutionists driven to desperation by the action of the govern-

ment, and we have the whole Turkish population and the army—dependent directly or indirectly upon the government, which has no money and is rapidly destroying all its own resources. The Turkish population is not only in distress for money, but it has been demoralized by the action of the government. Its natural respect for law has been shaken, and we see evidence every day of disorder and disorganization among the common people. Lawlessness in all the relations of life is an inevitable result of such events, and it is surprising to see how rapidly this spirit is developed in Constantinople. How far it has extended to the army will appear at the next massacre.

The action of the embassies during the massacre is worthy of special attention. The Austrian, Russian, Italian, and German ambassadors were here, England and France were well represented by very able chargés d'affaires. So far as I can learn, all were left for ten days without any instructions from their governments and acted on their own responsibility. They acted together in perfect harmony, and so far as words could go they acted with energy, but the experience of the past two years has not been such as to give much weight to ambassadorial threats. It was no doubt known at the palace that they were not acting under instructions, and it was not until they had sent an open telegram to the sultan such as he had never seen before that, after two days of slaughter, orders were given to stop the massacre. Such use as was possible was made of the small gunboats, and men were landed to protect the embassies and other official buildings. The ambassadors or their secretaries and dragomans went about the city and saw for themselves what was going on. They remonstrated at the palace again and again, and finally, as we have said, threatened the overthrow of the sultan. They sent a formal note to the Porte, declaring that the massacre was the deliberate work of the government, and that it would be held responsible for it by the Great Powers. They still hold to this position. With the small force at their disposal I do not see what more they could have done; but the result was a very humiliating one, one which would have been deemed impossible a few years ago. The sultan laughed at their threats and the massacre went on unchecked for two days. He was startled by their telegram into giving orders to stop it, but he has gone on with the work of destroying the Armenians in another way as unconcernedly as though the ambassadors did not exist. So far as we can see, he feels as sure of his absolute security from all interference as he did last January—after he had come to an understanding with Russia. And he seems to have no idea that he is himself ruining his empire. On the contrary, he believes, as he told his ministers two years ago, that he is the wisest and most powerful sovereign in the world. There is no possibility of any change here for the better so long as the Great Powers maintain their present attitude, and abstain from armed intervention. The work of destruction will go on. Lawlessness will increase and extend to the army. New massacres will take place, involving other nationalities, until the ruin of the city is complete. I believe that there is not an ambassador in Constantinople who is not of this opinion. No one familiar with the principles of political science can doubt it. Constantinople is a doomed city. It will not be the first time that Europe has looked on with indifference at its destruction. In 1453 it was the last bulwark in the way of the progress of Mohammedan conquest. Europe turned a deaf ear to its cry for help, and suffered the penalty in centuries of conflict with the Turks. We look back with contempt upon the petty jealousies of that day which led to such a lamentable result. We belong to a higher civilization, the fruit of all these centuries of development, and have broader views of the mutual interdependence of nations. It would have been a hard struggle for the Europe of that day to save Constantinople, but we have armies and fleets enough to work our will almost without an effort. Yet once more the cry has gone up from this devoted city to enlightened Christian

Europe to save it from destruction, and again a deaf ear has been turned to this cry. The city is once more left to its fate—a far more base and ignoble fate than that which befell it when it became the proud capital of the great conqueror.

To me the indifference of Europe is inexplicable. It is not true that there could be no interference here without endangering the peace of Europe. It is not true that nothing could be done without a full settlement of the Eastern question. The sultan might be deposed within a week and a responsible government established here, to the great joy of Turks and Christians, and this without disturbing the limits of the empire, if England, France, and Russia could agree between themselves to do it—or better, if all the six powers would consent. In my opinion, the anxiety not to disturb the peace of Europe at the present time is so great that war would not result if a single power, either Russia, France, or England, should intervene by force to put an end to this régime and save Constantinople. This is a matter of opinion—but it is certain that the simple reason why there has been no intervention thus far in the name of civilization and humanity, is that no one of the powers has been sufficiently moved by events here to be willing to make sacrifices and incur risks, or endanger prospective advantages to rescue this empire from its present ruler. That they have not been so moved is what is to me inexplicable. Is there no God in Europe but mammon? Is our boasted civilization a degeneration rather than a development? Has Russia forgotten all her sympathy for the Christians of the East, to care only for dominion in Europe? Has England no longer any care for the oppressed? Has France abandoned her place among the nations, and her time-honored policy in Turkey? Whatever the explanation of this incredible indifference may be, the consequences of it will not be confined to Constantinople any more than they were in 1453. The retribution will not come again in the form of Moslem conquest, but probably in that very Euro-

pean war which has been made the excuse for leaving the Christians of Turkey to their fate.

From The Leisure Hour.

A "FIDGETY" QUESTION IN SPELLING.

"Don't be fidgety," she wrote; then she paused and considered; then on the edge of her blotting-pad she scribbled down *fidgety*; then compared the two forms with a critical balance of examination; and finally adopted the two-t-ed variant. And she was wrong! And maybe you ask "Why?" Because, good madam, or good sir, a word of two syllables ending in a single consonant preceded by a single vowel, before the addition of such suffixes as -ed, -er, -ing, -y, doubles the final consonant—"Just so!" you exclaim, "and so *tt* was right." Nay, but hear me out—doubles the final consonant only when the accent is on the last syllable of the word, *not otherwise*.

The accent! ay, there's the rub; many whose ear has not been delicately trained by poetic culture, whilst speaking correctly enough and pronouncing words with perfectly proper accentuation, do so unconsciously, having imbibed it with their mother's milk, or assimilated it somewhat later with childhood's more solid fare, and have no active discriminating perception of what they thus do. Ask them at unawares "Where was the accent on that word?" and the chances are quite even, or possibly a little adverse, that they'll make a mistake. Ask, for instance, whether "prefer," "proffer," "wainscot," "sonnet," "abet" are accented on the first or second syllable, and two or three of the five will probably go wrong: *experto crede*.

It is accent, however, and accent alone, that determines the right spelling of the inflected forms of such words; and a hint or two on the subject may prove useful. The plan for a novice is this: Exaggerate the stress of the accent on each syllable in turn; make it fall plump and full, like the

thud of a piston-rod; and this will reveal the truth. The exaggerated stress is unnoticeable and harmless on the syllable to which it properly belongs; but on the other it gives a grotesque and abnormal effect that is almost startling. Try *fidgety* with a swinging *fgt*- to begin it, and it goes quite naturally; but let the force of the voice dwell on the *-et*, as if you paired it off with *Lydd jetty*, and the mispronunciation is glaringly manifest. Had our hypothetical lady correspondent adopted this plan, she would neither have disfigured her blotting-pad with a scribble, nor her letter with a blunder.

Or, again, let the question be raised whether the operation of covering a tin box with a glossy coat of paint and varnish is "japaning" or "japping." If we then strike the first syllable with a strong stress, as if we were pronouncing "happening," or even asserting that the ja'paning is now ha'ppening, we get what is clearly wrong; but if the force of our utterance falls strenuously upon the *pan*, we may smite it as vigorously as we please, with no sense of jar (pardon the paradox; we mean jarring sound), and we determine thereby that the accent is on the second syllable, and the true spelling with *nn*.

This seems simple and easy enough; but that the difficulty is a real and practical one is evidenced by the facts concerning such a word as "faceted." In Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary" this word is quoted in its alphabetical place, under "Facet" and "Faceted," eleven times; only twice correctly, and no less than nine times with a superfluous and erroneous *t*. Browning in his "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" has the word in rhythm, and is guided to the proper spelling, as he writes—

The liquid name "Miranda"—faceted as  
lovelily  
As his own gift, the gem.

But Carlyle is made to say that "Friedrich loves the sharp faceted cut of the man;" and others, high and low, follow suit.

So far we have dealt only with final

*ts* and *ns*; but we must confess that when we come to the letter *p*, we find ourselves face to face with the delight of peddling grammarians and the despair of impatient learners, the exceptions "that prove the rule." For, although we experience no difficulty in "galloping" after the hounds or "gossiping" with a neighbor, yet, in spite of accent and all, everybody says that in "worshipping" the "worshipper worshipped," and that in "kidnapping" the "kidnapper kidnapped," and doubles the *p* without a single twinge of his orthographical conscience. This is but a lean and paltry exception indeed, which may perhaps some day be boldly set right by a purist innovator whom all may be content to imitate; we believe that our American cousins, with their practical utilitarian contempt for mere tradition, have made a start already.

They have for some time, moreover, led the way with regard to another whole class of these words, those ending in *l*, in which on this side the Atlantic waters spelling law is set calmly at defiance. "Rival," and "shrivel" and "apparel," and "flannel," and "pencil," and "devil," and "gambol," and many more, are all accented on the penult, the last syllable but one; and yet, reversing the proverbial phrase, and taking an inch of license while we give a superfluous *l*, we are accustomed in cold weather to "apparelling" our "shrilvelled" limbs in "flannellette" (if we may say so without fear of prosecution), we admire the "unrivalled pencilings" of a Tenniel or Du Maurier, and it is "gambolling" sheep that provide us ultimately with "devilled" kidneys. Brother Jonathan is more consistent: in all these and similar words he adheres to the strict rule; and hence in America there are "unequalled" facilities for the "traveler" to pass through "tunelled" mountains and over "leveled" valleys without "imperilling" his life; nay, even "caroling" with gladness as he goes. Strange to say, however, there is one word which, even in British use, keeps the single *l*, and that unique individual is very appropriately

"unparalleled;" whether the prospect of four *ls* in such close array was the deterrent influence we cannot say, but the fact remains that, as far as we Britons are concerned, this word stands out as the exception of an exception. Logical analogy, were we to follow her guidance fully, would soon make it the type instead of the exception.

Words in *s* present a certain amount of difficulty. It is a good many years ago that we noticed in a popular scientific book for the young the forms "focussing," "focused," "focussed," "focusing" scattered on various pages, as if on the generous principle of the accommodating wax-work showman, who, when asked about the identity of one of his figures—"Was it Wellington or Napoleon?"—replied benignly, "Whichever you pleases, my little dears; you pays your money and you takes your choice." But this is no isolated case; reference again here to Murray's Dictionary attests the prevalent haziness, or want of "focusing," in the treatment of this word. In the quotations there recorded, the inflected forms of "focus" appear thirty-seven times, and although the proportion of error is not so overwhelming as in the case of "facet," there are, nevertheless, twenty-seven instances of double *ss* to ten of single *s*. Two sample quotations from two art critics will serve to illustrate the rival spellings. Ruskin, in "Modern Painters," (bk. iii., ch. 1., sec. 18), speaks of "the right gradation or focusing of light and color;" but Thornbury, in his biography of Turner (vol. ii., p. 209), says that "the painter's genius was focussed, and his genius gained by focussing." Why, 'tis as if he said that the painter's genius was subject to the malediction of his enemies ("foe-cussed"), and that by such malediction endured or retorted ("foe-cussing") his genius gained! Similarly, many people misrender their "unbiased" opinion into their "unbiased" opinion, as if they would proudly claim that it is not under the influence of donkeys ("un-by-ass'd")! We hope they will be induced to change their

practice in this point; and we can assure them, and congratulate ourselves, that if their judgment is biased in this direction by these representations of ours, there will, at any rate, be no suggested thought of donkey-power in the influence at work. Words of this class are not numerous, though fairly frequent; for instance, many people take delight at the proper season in "Christmasing" (as Southey tells us, and spells it wrong), and some have been engaged in "caucusing" (as Carlyle tells us, and spells it right), and others have gone "chorusing," and some have been "hocused;" where "Christmassing" (as Southey puts it), "caucussing," "chorussing," and "hoccussed" would be manifestly incorrect. The "New English Dictionary" has four instances of the adjective "Christmasy," and every one is wrongly spelled! In the past participle of such words, semi-phonetic writers cut the Gordian knot by writing "focust," "unbiast," just as they also write "worshipt," "kidnapt;" but this pretty little expedient is still unavailing for the derivatives *ing*.

There remains one further group of words to be considered, of which "unparalleled" above is really an instance—namely, those of three syllables with the first accented, of which the commonest example is "benefit." The present writer in his salad days used to assert that the past participle and tense of this word were "benefitted;" and he maintained his thesis, armed in full logical panoply, by showing that while *ben-* bore the main accent, there nevertheless fell a subsidiary stress on *-fit*, that *-fit*, therefore, was an accented syllable, and that its *t* should be doubled before *-ed*. He found, however, that the weight of usage was dead against him, and gave up the unequal struggle, preferring, like other prudent heroes, to "live to fight another day," and to fight, as the whirligig of time brings it about, on the other side of the fray. And yet he had many who, analogically, if not actually, were his strenuous allies. Did not the *Edinburgh Review* in 1815, in the hey-day of

its critical ascendancy, contrast "a 'bayonetted' soldiery" with "a bludgeoned mob"? Did not Leigh Hunt write of "coronetted" actresses"? Did not a variety of authors use the word "cabineted"? And where is the chemist, except in America, who knows any other way of setting down "carburetted," or "sulphuretted," or "phosphoretted" hydrogen but with two *ts*? But yet even in these words, saving the chemical terms, there is largely preponderant evidence of the contrary practice, and it seems better, on the whole, to disregard the secondary stress on the final syllable, confine our attention to the principal accent, and let these words all conform to the one general rule; even the chemical terms above excepted have a *Transatlantic* movement in this direction, and the "Century Dictionary" of New York originally inserts "carbureted," -*eted*, with its preference exhibited by the relative position of the two forms.

What, then, shall we do with "anagram," "diagram," "epigram," and "monogram," if they should need this style of grammatical inflection? Carlyle, in his "Heroes," replies with a double illustration when he says that there are some matters "which refuse to be theoremed or diagramed." John Bunyan, or his printer, in the well-known couplet that identifies the "immortal dreamer" as the author also of the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress," uses an ambiguous apostrophe, and says,—

Witness my name if anagram'd to thee  
The letters make Nu hony in a B;

whilst Warburton throws the weight of his influence completely into the opposite scale, writing of the poet Benlowes that some of his admirers "anagrammed his name into *Benevolus*." Modern newspapers, too, have instances of "diagrammed (results of experiments)" and "diagramming." There is a slight plea in justification here that Greek derivatives of these Greek etymons get a double *m* in the original tongue (as witness "epigrammatic" = Greek *ἐπιγραμματικός*, "diagramma-

tize" = Greek *διαγραμματίζειν*), and that what is sauce for the Greek goose is sauce for the Greek gander. But our reply is that the cases are not on all-four with each other: the Greek derivatives are formed with Greek suffixes from the Greek oblique noun-stem; whilst the English derivatives are formed by English suffixes, and should be dealt with on purely English analogies. If the argument from Greek had any weight, it would carry with it not only an extra *m*, but the *at* as well, and would make the past tense of "diagram" into "diagrammated," which is a palpable "reduction to the absurd." We have seen above how "theoremed" has been spelled; in like manner "diademed" has always been treated with a single *m*, from the fourteenth century author of "Piers Plowman," asserting that "Dauid schal ben dyademed and daunten hem alle," down to Southey's "three diadem'd princes."

Three lines will suffice to show that we must in like manner write "chrysalises," "incubuses," "omnibus," and, if necessary, "octopuses;" for in all these words the stress falls on the first syllable. And so we seem to have settled everything comfortably, when up crops that cantankerous *p* again; as in disyllables, so in trisyllables, he refuses to be amenable to law and order. He declares stoutly in favor of "handicapping" the "handicapper," and won't budge an inch. This is disconcerting; it destroys the harmony of our conclusions. But in this case there is, perchance, a loophole which may allow a settlement of the dispute on honorable terms of compromise. "Handicap" bears distinct, though gradually obliterating, traces of having been a compound word, once "hand-i-th-cap," and like other compounds, may claim to follow the rules that govern its component elements; and just as we have no question that a boot may be "toe-capped," but not "toe-caped," so we may concede equal privilege, on grounds of its composite origin, to this rebellious "handicap," and arguing thence retrospectively, may even extend similar indulgence to "kidnap."

Thus we reduce to a minimum the unjustified irregularities, and leave an easy basis, if our reforming suggestions were accepted, for an almost, if not perfectly, uniform adherence to one common rule.

ALFRED ERLEBACH.

From The London Quarterly Review.  
THE CONFIDENCES OF A SOCIETY POET.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Locker-Lampson quoted in the preface to the first edition of his "Lyra Elegantarium" the following sentence from a newspaper reviewer, which, though its reference was to Praed in the first place, seems to have even a closer application to himself:—

His poetry is that of a man who belongs to society, who has a keen sympathy with the lightsome tone and airy jesting of fashion,—but who nevertheless, amid all this froth of society, feels that there are depths in our nature which, even in the gaiety of drawing-rooms, cannot be forgotten. His is the poetry of bitter-sweet, of sentiment that breaks into humor, and of solemn thought, which, lest it should be too solemn, plunges into laughter; it is in an especial sense the verse of society.

As a writer of such verse, the author of these "Confidences" gained a foremost place by the publication of his little volume of "London Lyrics," in 1857. These posthumous memoirs confirm his title to be known also as a man of charming disposition and refined tastes, a genial host, a discriminating collector; in short, a student and lover of the exquisite in letters and life, on whose quiet leisure only the most narrow and crabbed utilitarian could find it in his heart to frown.

The volume of memoirs, to which he has chosen to give the title of "My Confidences," is dedicated to his descendants. It was written at different times during the last fifteen years of his life, and was in type on the day of his death,

which took place on May 30, 1895. He was anxious that, as he says,—

If any descendant of mine in days far distant should chance to inherit some portion of my fondness for family records, however simple, for ancestral anecdotes, however slender, he or she should find something to gratify their humor saved from the fire-grate or the paper-mill.

He cannot trust the care of these records to his immediate posterity, because though, as he quaintly puts it, he has an immense admiration for them, he does not know which is more trying, "their languid endurance of a family history, or their inaccurate repetition of it."

He was born at Greenwich Hospital, very appropriately, for his family had an hereditary connection with the navy. His grandfather, Captain John Locker, enjoyed the distinction for some time of having Nelson serving under him as second lieutenant. The respect which Lord Nelson throughout his career cherished for his old commander is honorable to them both.

My dear friend [Nelson wrote to him in 1799, shortly before his death], I well know your goodness of heart will make all allowance for my present situation, and that truly I have not the time or power to answer all the letters I receive at the moment. But you, my old friend, after twenty years' acquaintance, know that nothing can alter my attachment and gratitude to you. I have been your scholar. It is you who taught me how to board a Frenchman by your conduct when in the Experiment. It is you who always said, "Lay a Frenchman close and you will beat him," and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar. Our friendship will never end but with my life.

A few months after this, Nelson attended the remains of his old friend to their last resting place in Addington Churchyard, and wrote to Lady Hamilton, under the depression of spirits to which he was subject:—

I regret that I am not the person to be attended upon at this funeral, for although I have had my days of glory, yet I find this world so full of jealousies and

<sup>1</sup> My Confidences: An Autobiographical Sketch. By Frederick Locker-Lampson. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1896.

envy, that I see but a very faint gleam of future comfort.

Captain Locker had been appointed governor of Greenwich Hospital. His son, John Locker, was civil commissioner of the hospital, where in 1821 Frederick Locker was born. From his son's description, one conceives him as a superior man, somewhat rigidly and obstinately aware of his superiority, and by no means of facile commerce in his domestic relations. In 1810, he returned from India with his hair in a pigtail, and though that interesting form of headdress had long ceased to be fashionable, he could not be prevailed upon to give it up, until his brother, "the wag of that generation of Lockers," came behind his chair one day at dinner and cut it off.

His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, an estimable clergyman, and a distinguished philologist.

My mother [says Locker] was exceedingly handsome. Tall and slight, she had a remarkably graceful carriage, a natural dignity of manner and movement; and this description held good when she was more than sixty years old. She had an innocent, anxious face. She told me that she was very timid as a girl, and that, when first married to my father, she was afraid of him. She often suffered from nervous lassitude, which made general society, especially in the evening, painful to her. But independently of that, her thoughts and desires centred in home, with husband and children. She took the liveliest interest in many things, a simple womanly interest. She was swayed by her feelings and sentiments more than by any intellectual and logical conviction. She was not what is called a superior person. . . . One of her peculiar attractions was her simple enjoyment of a joke against herself. My mother was as merry as a grig. She had a delightful laugh. As I have said, we were very proud but rather afraid of my father. No one liked a jest more than he did, but it was not the same thing. And I am afraid she spoilt us, for when he was angry she would often and often stand in the gap while we rallied behind her. She had as much of her children's confidence as parents can well have. How little that

really is. She was very unselfish, entering heart and soul into our fun and amusements, and even sympathizing with our minor follies.

Such was the domestic atmosphere in which the future poet was cradled. He was very pretty and precocious, but an exceedingly delicate, boy; and remained all through life physically fragile and sensitive. The Bishop of Norwich, Dean Stanley's father, in an interesting letter published in this volume, describes the home in Greenwich Hospital, in one of the wings overlooking the river, with its moving panorama of shipping. The writer dwells on the choice collection of drawings and paintings in the dining and drawing rooms, and on the well-selected volumes which filled the oak shelves in the library, and even more on the admirable school connected with the hospital, and superintended by Commissioner Lockhard, where "one thousand children under perfect discipline were educated and prepared for the sea."

It must, indeed, have been an ideal home for an imaginative child.

I have faint visitings of nostalgia [wrote Locker, sixty years later] when I think of my home there . . . the squares and colonnades which were the playground of my boyhood, the terrace, the five-foot walk, and the abounding river. One of my earliest recollections were the men, mysterious in their enormous boots, who, with a toothless rake, as the tide receded, cleared the mud from the shore immediately in front of our windows. Then, on wintry mornings, there were the river pilots and longshoremen, in their row boats at anchor, taking a fisherman's constitutional, "three steps and overboard," and with shrugged shoulders, promoting circulation by beating their arms across their chests. I remember the familiar sounds from the craft in mid-stream, and the cheer of the early collier men as they weighed anchor. Then the garden in the Hospital grounds, which contained a pavilion of pleasure in the shape of a very earwiggy summer house; and the laundry yard, from which *caro luogo* we became a nuisance to our neighbors. We lighted bonfires there; dug

caves; kept rabbits, fowls, pigeons and guinea pigs, called after the characters in Walter Scott's novels.

From this infant paradise, Frederick was transferred at seven years old to a preparatory school on Clapham Common, kept by a lady of the scarcely reassuring name of Griffin. A year was spent here, not very satisfactorily either to the child or his parents, and then he went to a private school in Hampshire. We are apt to think that Dickens's picture of the reliance on the suasion of the cane by the middle-class schoolmaster of his day is rather overdrawn; but Locker's reminiscences supply one out of many confirmations of the truth of the great humorist's observation:—

Years afterwards, when I was about eighteen, he came to see my father at Greenwich, and I was amazed to think the person before me, old and *gauche*, and with a propitiatory grin, was that formidable savage who had once exercised so terrible a sway. We talked of past days, and, as he was rather jocose, I ventured to say that I still felt the tingling of the hazel switches. The miserable creature pretended that he had no recollection of the circumstance. "It is strange, my dear young friend, but I have entirely forgotten it." "Perhaps you have forgotten it, sir, but then, as some one has said, you were at the other end of the switch."

Under the rule of the south-country Creakle, young Locker indulged in the usual pastimes of the boy animal; he stole Mrs. Barnett's jams and pickles, cut off and appropriated the buttons of his master's ecclesiastical gaiters, "made free with his lozenges, and ruined his fishing tackle." But, at the same time, the dreamy, pensive habit of mind, which he had inherited with his delicate health, asserted itself, and began to give a pervading color and tendency to his life. "The sense of tears in mortal things, and of the transitory nature of everything took, and has ever since kept, possession of me." There were other school experiences—a year with the Vicar of Drearyboro', a simple, kindly old man; another at "a huge, unregenerate, bullying school"

at Dulwich; two years at another day school at Blackheath; none of them very satisfactory.

It is remarkable [says the writer, looking back on these days] how systems have changed as regards the treatment of boys. Burney's was not a cheap school; while I was there I cost my father £100 a year—a large sum of money then—and yet we were ill looked after and poorly fed. There were no cubicles; some of us slept two in a bed. We had tea, or milk and water, and huge hunches of bread, spread with butter, for breakfast; for dinner, rice pudding and current dumpling ("stick-jaw"), on alternate days, served on an unsavory pewter platter, and before our meat; then our beef or mutton, served on the same plate as the pudding, and washed down with inferior "swipes" in tin mugs; all this inaugurated by a lengthy Latin thanksgiving. The food was coarse in quality, and the washing arrangements, to make the best of them, unpleasant. The system of punishment was a mistaken one; not much caning, and less flogging; but it was often, "Locker, copy out the Ten Commandments ten times," or, for a neglected lesson or word forgotten, to write out, perhaps during the best part of a summer afternoon, that particular word a thousand times.

We are apt to forget how very much more comfortable life is for most people than it was fifty years ago—and not only has the standard of comfort been raised, but the means of cheerful and innocent recreation have been enormously multiplied and diffused. The clerk or shopman of to-day may have his grievances, but with his bicycle, his free library, his halfpenny paper, and his cricket or tennis, he has no reason to envy the lot of his precursors half a century ago.

Frederick Locker's school career was so far from being brilliant that, he tells us, his parents, in sheer despair, took him away at seventeen, and sent him to a colonial broker's office. Here he exhibited no particular talent for business, but a "marked turn for quizzing," which was not so much to the purpose. He admits that at this time he was something of a would-be fine gentleman, giving little heed to invoices and

warrants, and a good deal to the cut of his trousers. One is not surprised to learn that the elder Mr. Locker was advised to remove him. He held a temporary appointment at Somerset House for some time after this, and in 1842, became a junior clerk in Lord Haddington's office at the Admiralty. Here he seems to have found his niche, or rather, perhaps, to have outgrown that idle and fantastic phase through which so many clever young men have to pass before they "find themselves" and their true place in life. He was many years at the Admiralty, and his record of the small triumphs and failures of his official career makes very interesting reading.

In 1849 he had an attack of nervous depression, which led indirectly to an important crisis in his life. He had to take leave of absence from his office and went to Paris, armed with various letters of introduction, among others one to Lady Charlotte Bruce, who was then living at 29 Rue de Varennes, one of the fine old mansions in the Faubourg St. Germain. This was his first meeting with his future wife. Her wit, one may presume, attracted him at first; but he soon came to recognize the beauty of a most lovable and lofty character, and he grew to regard her as his "beneficent angel." They corresponded when Lady Charlotte left for London, and right on till March of the following year, when she came back to town. During a walk in Hyde Park Mr. Locker proposed, in what manner he can best relate:—

We had seated ourselves on a bench and neither spoke. I took her hand. "This is the prettiest hand in all the world," said I. "I happen to know of one that's quite as pretty," said she. Another silence. Perhaps I was incredulous, but when she put the other pretty hand into mine, I know that we were both very happy.

Mr. Locker's marriage extended the circle, already considerable, of his acquaintance among notable and interesting people. The queen had a great regard for Lady Charlotte Locker, as she had for her sister, Lady Augusta

Bruce, afterwards so well known and loved as Lady Augusta Stanley, and used to command the young couple to the select courts which she held in the earlier years of her widowhood—a coveted privilege. At the house of his mother-in-law, Elizabeth, Lady Elgin, a gifted and distinguished lady with a passion for cold air, of which Mr. Locker makes great fun in these reminiscences, he met several of the most eminent citizens of the Republic of Letters, Browning among others, who used to come to the Rue de Lille to read Keats' poetry to Lady Elgin. "The good fellow never read his own." The sketch of Mrs. Browning is kindly and discriminating:—

I never saw her in society, but at her own fireside she struck me as very pleasing and exceedingly sympathetic. Her physique was peculiar; curls like the pendant ears of a water-spaniel, and poor little hands—so thin that when she welcomed you she gave you something like the foot of a young bird: the Hand that made her great had not made her fair. But she had striking eyes, and we forgot any physical shortcomings—they were entirely lost sight of in what I may call her incomparable sweetness, I might almost say affectionateness; just as while we are reading it, we lose sight of the incompleteness of her poetry—its lack of artistic control. She vanquishes by her genius and her charm.

At the Deanery in Dean Stanley's time, adorned by the gracious presence of his sister-in-law, and also at Lord Houghton's, Mr. Locker met other leading lights, many of whom are chronicled here in their habit as they lived. He met at the house of the famous giver of breakfasts, Dante Rossetti, who distinguished himself by sitting after dinner with his face buried in his hands. Mr. Locker met him on other occasions and found him pleasant enough, but thought his poetry without charm, and could not reconcile himself to the "congregation of queer creatures"—ravens, marmots, wombats, and it was even rumored a gorilla—which used to live in the garden behind the house in Cheyne Walk. Like

all nervous, sensitive people, our author cherishes a distinct preference for the cheerful daylight mind; he owns the ability of Rossetti's extraordinary and morbid work, but the morbidity repels him more than the ability attracts. Dickens at their first meeting struck him as possessing "the most animated countenance he had ever seen."

He gives a delightful picture of Anthony Trollope, "hirsute and taurine of aspect, glaring at you from behind fierce spectacles," with his tremendous voice, his bluff, abrupt, but cordial ways, his generous and unselfish nature. There is a bright vignette of Leigh Hunt in his old age, discursive and amiable, fantastically arrayed in a sacerdotal-looking garment with a bright-eyed, untidy little daughter, rejoicing in the name of "Jacintha," to pour out tea for him. The chronicler regrets Hunt's "incapacity for dealing with the ordinary affairs of existence, such as arithmetic and matrimony." He has some interesting recollections of Carlyle; and his daughter Eleanor, now Mrs. Augustine Birrell, was present when the Sage of Chelsea was presented to her Majesty, and forthwith, to the astonishment of all the seasoned courtiers present, drew himself a chair with the remark, "I am an old man, and, with your Majesty's leave, I will sit down." His notices of George Eliot illustrate in a delightful manner the sympathetic fibre in his nature that attracted to him people so different as Lord Houghton and Erskine of Linlathen, Gibbs, the eccentric print-seller in Newport street, Leicester Square, and a *grande dame* like Lady William Russell.

Nature had disguised George Eliot's apparently stoical, yet really vehement and sensitive spirit, and her soaring genius, in a homely and insignificant form. Her countenance was equine—she was rather like a horse—and her head had been intended for a much longer body. She wore her hair in not pleasing out-of-fashion loops, coming down on either side of her face, so hiding her ears; and her garments concealed her outline—they gave her a waist like a milestone. . . . She had a measured way of conversing, constrained

but impressive. When I happened to call, she was nearly always seated in the chimney corner on a low chair, and she bent forward when she spoke. . . . Her sentences unwound themselves very neatly and completely, giving the impression of past reflection and present readiness; she spoke exceedingly well, but not with the simplicity and *verve*, the happy *abandon* of certain practised women of the world. I have been told she was most agreeable en tête-à-tête; that when surrounded by admirers she was apt to become oratorical—a different woman. . . . She did not strike me as witty or markedly humorous, she was too much in earnest; she spoke with a sense of responsibility, and one cannot be exactly captivated when one is doing that. . . .

I am sure that she was very sensitive, and must have had many a painful half-hour as the helpmate of Mr. Lewes. By accepting the position she had placed herself in opposition to the moral instincts of most of those whom she held dear. Though intellectually self-contained, I believe she was singularly dependent on the emotional side of her nature. . . . Though her conduct was socially indefensible, it would have been cruel, it would have been stupid, to judge her exactly as one would judge an ordinary offender. What a genius she must have had to be able to draw so many high-minded people to her! I have an impression that she felt her position acutely and was unhappy. . . . She was much to be pitied. I think she knew that I felt for her and would have been glad to do her a good turn; for more than once, when I was taking leave, she said, "Come and see me soon, Mr. Locker, don't lose sight of us." And this to an outsider, a nobody, and not in her set.

One of the most delightful of the many delightful sketches in this volume is that of Dean Stanley. The small, alert figure, the sensitive, refined face, the "eager sweetness" of address—all these traits bear out the impression of singular attractiveness that Stanley made on his contemporaries. Mr. Locker gives a humorous account of an expedition to Fairlight, near Hastings, in company with the dean and Lord Arthur Russell.

Augusta [he says] used always to keep her husband very neat and trim, his black

suit and boots being always carefully brushed. . . . That day at Fairlight it happened to be particularly wet and slippery. We had not got far before poor Arthur slid gently down on the flat of his back. Not long afterwards he again slipped and fell, this time face foremost. Then his goloshes got unfastened, and full of clay and water, and, as he was rather helpless, we aided in taking them off. All these misfortunes did not in the least impair Arthur Stanley's serenity, and hardly interrupted the flow of his delightful conversation. However, the figure he cut was indescribably funny. . . . He was a bright brown from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, but it did not discompose him at all. He walked complacently between Russell and myself, each of us carrying a golosh, which, with its mud, was a considerable weight.

Lady Augusta's emotions on welcoming her dear home again in this disguise may be conceived.

Lady Charlotte Locker died in 1872, and about two years afterwards Mr. Locker married the daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson and assumed the name of Lampson in addition to his patronymic. At Rowfant, his wife's home and afterwards his own, he collected round him a charming and varied circle of friends, and was free to indulge the elegant hobby of book-collecting. His celebrated little volume of "London Lyrics," published in 1857, had given him the entrée to the best magazines, such as *Macmillan's* and the *Cornhill*, but only the spur of necessity could ever have made him a prolific writer. He died at Rowfant in the spring of 1895. "Children, love one another," he wrote, "that will be your best remembrance of me." The recommendation is characteristic. Urbanity and a certain pensive grace characterize these memoirs, as they do everything else that he wrote. One feels that had he been a man of robust fibre, he might have made a more decided mark upon his age, but his work would have lost its peculiar *cachet* of delicacy and thoughtful charm, the mood—half smiling, half serious—of a looker on at the game of life.

There is much literary criticism, unpretentious but admirable for delicacy and discrimination, scattered through these pages. Mr. Locker was, one need hardly say, a great admirer of Jane Austen, and recommends his children to read the story of Anne Elliott, in "Persuasion," if they wish to realize the perfection of her art. "Lycidas," with its surpassing melody and unapproachable distinction, he considers as in some respects the finest poem in the language, though he somewhat demurs to the "Pilot of the Galilean Lake." "Cowper," he says, summing up in a phrase one of the essential elements in the poet's nature, "writes so very like a gentleman." He is "enthralled by Wordsworth's rapture, spiritual passion, sane imagination and serenity, and his power of bringing the infinite into every-day life." But, as becomes a "society poet," he gives Pope a very high place. He greatly appreciates Browning's "intellectual momentum" and subtle and spiritual energy; he is hopeful and makes others hope, but "he makes too great a demand on the intellectual vigor of the reader." Locker had much in common with Thackeray, and speaks of him with peculiar sympathy:—

Thackeray [he reminds us] was a good man. He had a strong sense of religion; he recognizes that the human soul requires such a sanctuary and would starve without it. It was Thackeray who spoke sorrowfully of his little Ethel Newcome as going prayerless to bed.

Many people will have been led through these delightful reminiscences to revive their recollections of Mr. Locker's poetry. It belongs essentially to the genus of the "Lyra Elegantiarum," to the class represented by Suckling and Herrick, by Prior and Gay, by Praed and Thackeray, and Austin Dobson. This class includes the fanciful gallantry of

When as in silks my Julia goes,  
no less than the chivalrous appeal of  
Lovelace,

I could not love thee, dear, so much  
Loved I not honor more.

Swift in his savage, and Pope in his venomed, moods are outside the range of it; but when the terrible dean allows his mood to soften into the delightful, playful tenderness of his birthday odes to Stella, he vindicates his right to a place in the band as truly as Pope in the famous stanza:—

Happy the man whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground.

It admits the rollicking fun of Canning's Song from the *Anti-Jacobin*, and the rather more subdued satire of Praed's "Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may," or "The Letter of Advice," surely one of the most perfect things of its kind ever written:—

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,  
Taught us both how to sing and to  
speak,  
And we loved one another with passion,  
Before we had been there a week;  
You gave me a ring for a token,  
I wear it wherever I go;  
I gave you a chain—is it broken?  
My own Araminta, say no.

This is not much in the vein of the modern débutante; and still less the catalogue of desiderata that follows:—

If he speaks of a tax or a duty  
If he does not look grand on his knees;  
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,  
Tills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees;  
He dotes not on desolate towers,  
If he likes not to hear the blast blow;  
If he knows not the language of flowers,  
My own Araminta, say no.

The heroines of "Sense and Sensibility," or "Northanger Abbey" might have discussed the "not impossible he" much in these terms. Still, in spite of the change in taste, one cannot but admire the delicate light touch of the poet, and the certainty and grace of his handling.

But the most exquisite work done in this *genre* does not depend for its effect on buoyancy and brilliancy alone. All poetry worthy of the name must stir a keener emotion than the surface sense of the ridiculous, must strike a deeper note than that of conventional

compliment or social satire. The great humorists—and this is the secret of their power—have this of the poet in them, that they are dominated by a sense of the contrasts of life; its trivialities and its mysteries, its absurdity and pathos, lie very close together in their minds. They are beset with the thought of man's fragility in the grip of the awful unknown powers which shape his destiny; his efforts, which seem so futile; his schemes, woven with patient care, only to be brushed away, like a spider's web, by the terrible silent irony of events; his desires, so blindly placed; his labor for that which satisfieth not—all these elements in the human tragi-comedy win them to the smile that is sadder than tears. So Thackeray, before his bowl of bouillabaisse, in "The New Street of the Little Fields," sees at the board about him the ghosts of his old companions, pictures in the seat at his side the form of the one taken from him by affliction worse than death, leaving him to his widowed hearth, and the cup that henceforth there is none to share.

We bow to Heaven that willed it so.

It is well, we know, for those who can say those words in sincerity—and yet the wonder and the pity of it!

Why do our joys depart  
For cares to seize the heart?  
I know not, Nature says,  
Obey; and man obeys.  
I see, and know not why  
Thorns live and roses die.

This is the characteristic note of the poetry that we are particularly considering; this quick and delicate sense of the outward; this brilliant reflection of the movement and tone of social life; and yet, as a constant undertone, "the sense of tears in mortal things," reminding one of the poignant sadness underlying the airy capricious harmonies of Chopin's waltz music. It is the outcome of a nature, constitutionally sensitive, prone to melancholy; tried by domestic reverses, by bereavement, or else by that natural deficiency of animal spirits, that inborn lack of joy, which is the heritage of anaemic and ner-

vous natures. The first was Thackeray's case, the latter is more like the case of Frederick Locker. As a child, he was a creature of strange, morbid moods; and though he seems to have outgrown his tendency to hypochondria, yet his nerves were always too much "on the surface" for his own comfort; and, like the fairy prince who could hear the grass grow, the inevitable miseries of life pressed on him all through what most people would have called a fortunate existence. The gentle gaiety which charms one as well in his poems as in these reminiscences, gleams on an "arrière fond" of pensive reflection.

The sum of work which he has left to the judgment of posterity is not considerable, and it is hardly possible yet to decide how much even of that small amount will live. But the writers of delicate and fanciful "society verse" in English are not so many that the reader can ever, we think, afford quite to forget him. Mr. Austin Dobson himself would find it difficult to surpass the airy grace of pieces like "Geraldine and I," or the charming stanzas on "Gerty's Glove." The dainty sportiveness of these trifles is slightly tinged with a delicate pensiveness, not sufficiently profound to spoil the "Dresden china" effect—with a touch of tender sentiment like the scent of pot-pourri in an old-fashioned drawing-room, where spindle-legged tables encumber your progress, and the sampler-worked shepherdess of a hundred years ago smiles down at you with the roses scarcely faded on her worsted cheeks. Witty to any marked degree, our poet is not; but he abounds in a humor that reminds one of Thackeray's, only that it is less piercing and poignant, more allied to the sentiment and less to the tragedy of life. You can see the twinkle in his eye, as in his "Lines on a Skull" he couples the whimsically discordant names of this audacious stanza:—

It may have held—to shoot some random shots,  
Thy brains, Eliza Fry or Baron Byron's,

LIVING AGE. VOL. XII. 596

The wits of Nelly Gwyn or Dr. Watts,  
Two noted bards, two philanthropic sirens;

and the demure air with which he introduces each to its ill-assorted partner. There is another poem of his in which he narrates how

As I walked to the club and was deep in  
a strophe,  
Which turned upon all that's delightful in  
Sophy,

he was accosted by a mendicant, and then follows an amusing picture of the most tender-hearted of bards emitting the severe, if salutary, sentiments of a member of the Charity Organization Society, and winding up with the reflection that

Always one's heart to be hardening thus,  
If wholesome for beggars, is harmful for  
us.

But perhaps after all the pieces in which he appears to the greatest advantage are those in which the graver tone predominates over the gay—in such a one, for instance, as the little poem called "It might have been."

Again I read your letter through,  
"How wonderful is fate's decree,  
How sweet is all your life to you,  
And oh, how sad is mine to me."

I know your wail: who knows it not?  
He gave: He taketh that He gave.  
Yours is the lot: the common lot,  
To go down weeping to the grave.

Dear bird, blithe bird, that singst in frost,  
Forgive my friend if he is sad;  
He mourns what he has only lost,  
I weep what I have never had.

One might almost assert on the bare authority of those two last lines that Locker had the gifts of insight and expression that make the poet. But the volume that we have just laid down shows us that he had more than that. It is no small power to have been able to attach to yourself a character so pure as Arthur Stanley's, or personalities so marked in diverse ways as those of Marian Evans, Robert Browning, Al-

fred Tennyson. That he had the virtue and the charm to do this was his gain while he lived; it is our gain now that he is gone. Surely we owe a debt of no small gratitude to this charming writer and kindly-spirited gentleman, for that before he passed forever from the stage of this life, he left this legacy of pleasant and helpful memories for his descendants and for us.

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From Belgravia.  
A PERSIAN MIRACLE PLAY.

Mahomed Abdullah, my moonshee, sat waiting in the verandah telling his beads and stroking his long beard, which, newly dyed with hennah that morning, glowed a brilliant orange and gave him a decidedly startling appearance. As I came out of my room he salaamed, he had a favor to ask—would the sahib graciously grant it him?

"To-morrow, as the sahib knows, is to be acted the tragedy of the blessed martyrs Hassan and Husain. The things are all prepared—actors, dresses, and camels having come from a long distance, but one thing lacks—a horse for the blessed saint to ride upon. The sahib knows there are no horses in the village except the one belonging to the sahib. Will the sahib lend it for the three days' acting and confer an eternal favor on his servant?"

I am graciously pleased to lend my small, weedy Persian pony, which, as Mahomed remarks, is the only specimen of his kind within a radius of several miles. It would indeed be deplorable if the sainted martyr could find no better mount than the ordinary village camel.

With profuse thanks the old man bowed himself out, but stopped when he reached the steps. "Perhaps also the protector of the poor would lend the light of his presence to the play and deign to observe the acting of his moonshee, who is to take the part of Zeinat, sister to the blessed martyr." And this favor was granted too.

The next morning the village was made hideous by the beating of tom-

toms, blowing of horns, shrieks and cries, all in honor of the first day of the Moharram, the day on which all true believers (Shiahs, *bien entendu*, not those dogs of Sunnis) commemorate the tragic death of their greatest saint, Husain, son of the Khalifa Ali and grandson to the Prophet himself.

Office duties over, I made my way to the scene of action. The play takes place in the open air and there is no stage, but carpets are spread and a species of throne erected, whereon sits the cruel tyrant Yezid, surrounded by his court. Exactly opposite are the best seats, reserved for the Persian governor and his suite, and into one of these I am shown. The rest of the spectators sit huddled together on either side, the women in a corner by themselves. The audience is great, as from far and near every one who is able to walk, crawl, or be carried, has come to see the death of their beloved Husain.

The Sunnis, who form the larger portion of Mahomedans, like Gallio, care for none of these things. Like the Shiahs they keep the tenth day of the Moharram sacred, as a solemn fast, but only because on that day Allah created Adam. The history of the play runs thus:—

On his death-bed the prophet Mahomed was asked to appoint a successor, and he replied it should be the person nearest him. One party (the Shiahs) took this to mean his cousin and husband of his daughter Fatimeh, Ali, his nearest of kin. The other faction (Sunnis), however, interpreted this as meaning the person nearest him at the time of his death, Alm Bakr.

From this the strife began which split Islam into two hostile factions and exists till the present day, and never did Catholic and Protestant hate each other more bitterly in the Middle Ages than do Shiah and Sunni.

The Shiah made Ali khalifa, but the opposing faction refused to acknowledge him and elected Alm Bakr and after him Osman and Osman.

A plot formed to murder Ali, and being successful, his son Ali Hassan, a

poor, weak-kneed, peace-loving individual, reigned in his stead. After a brief six months' reign, the Sunnis persuaded him to resign in favor of Mu'awlyeh, it being understood that after the latter's death Hassan should resume the khalifat. Yezid, Mu'awlyeh's son, however, had designs of his own and persuaded Hassar's wife to poison her husband, promising to marry her as a reward, which promise was not carried out.

Thus died Hassan in the year of the Hejira 49. He left a goodly family of fifteen sons and five daughters; from these are descended the seyds or lords. The treacherous Yezid succeeded as khalifa and was welcomed by the Sunnis, but the Shiabs elected Husain, Ali's third son, to the khalifat in the city of Mecca. Shortly the inhabitants of Cufa becoming dissatisfied with Yezid, sent to Husain, begging him to come and take command of the army of the faithful in Babylonia, so he set out, accompanied by sixty-two relations. The governor of Bussorah, Obe'dallah, a partisan of Yezid, sent his general, Ameer, to intercept Husain and cut him off from the water (the river Euphrates), and he overtook him at a place called Kerberla (anguish and vexation). Here terms were offered him if he would surrender, and he asked till morning to consider them. Next day Husain told his followers to leave him and save their lives, but they one and all refused to do so. He therefore entrenched his camp and sent word to the enemy to say that as the people of Cufa had chosen him, he would only retire at their bidding. Next day the strife began and the gallant little band made a brave struggle against desperate odds.

On the ninth day of the Moharram, Husain celebrated the marriage between Cassim, son of Hassan, and his own daughter, in spite of the slaughter raging round them. His son Ali-Akbar and his youngest child Abdallah were killed on that same day, and also his newly-wedded nephew Cassim. At last the fatal tenth day dawned; nearly all the warriors had been killed and Husain, wounded and unable to fight

any longer, was overpowered and killed, while Zeinat, his favorite sister, stood by and cursed his murderers. All the males were put to the sword excepting only Zeinid Abidin, another of Husain's sons, who was ill and unable to fight, and was taken captive to Yezid with the women.

The stern Obe'dallah wept when he heard of the death of his enemy and ordered the corpse to be buried with honors, and when the obsequies were over a lion came from out of the desert and mounted guard on the saint's tomb.

All this was duly acted with a multitude of side characters and their histories introduced, making the play somewhat difficult to follow. The acting was energetic and good. Persians are born actors, and the dresses and accoutrements were gorgeous, every one's wardrobe and treasure-store being laid under contribution. All the female characters were of course undertaken by men, but as the charms of Persian women are veiled from curious eyes in long, opaque coverings of blue or black cloth, and the actors carefully modulate their voices, the illusion was not destroyed. Distrusting their memories, or more probably to save themselves trouble, for a Persian is nothing if not lazy, the actors read their parts from rolls of ancient and grimy paper which have served their fathers and grandfathers before them. The sight of a man in death agonies defending himself with his sword and reading his last words from a scroll somewhat destroys the pathos to Western ideas.

All day long from noon till dusk the play went on, always ending at sunset with prayers, in which the whole audience joined, and recited their profession of faith, turning towards Mecca.

The part of the hero-saint was taken by a wealthy young merchant, one of the principal people in the village, and he also provided light refreshment for the spectators, coffee, sherbet, and of course the ubiquitous Kalian. When not acting himself, he came and sat among the spectators and criticised the performance.

The tenth day was the great day, and the audience were all arrayed in mourning for the blessed martyr. The closing scenes of the battle and bloodshed excited the people to the highest pitch; the women howled and writhed to and fro, the men beat their breasts and tears poured down their cheeks as they saw one after another of the faithful little band fall by the sword, their blood being realistically represented by red wine, while the whole air was rent with frenzied shouts of "Husain, Husain; Hassan, Husain."

The tears shed by the spectators were carefully preserved, caught on pieces of cotton and afterwards squeezed into a tiny glass bottle and sealed up. These tears are of great value, and when administered to a dying person have been known to revive him when all other means have failed.

In glittering array Ja'faah, king of the Jinns, comes with supernatural powers to the saint's assistance, but it is too late, and Husain declines his aid.

"The light of my eyes, my son Ali Akbar, is dead, and with him all my faithful followers. Why should I therefore live longer? It is the will of Allah I should die," he cries resignedly.

The excitement grows intense.

The wounded Husain is surrounded and overpowered, and the general orders his soldiers to stone him to death.

In the midst of his death agonies the Prophet himself appears, encouraging him, and holding the rewards of Paradise before his eyes, eternal rest in the arms of dark-eyed houris, and waters sweeter than the longed-for Euphrates, and the dying hero is faithful to his trust.

At last the tragedy is over and the saint is dead. Stillness among the spectators, and my moonshee, dressed in a long, dark robe and veil, comes forward in the character of Zeinat, and reads a long oration over the corpse. He is a finished performer, and the poetry and pathos of the scene are really touching; his aged, quavering voice might well pass for a woman's.

The sun sets, and the corpse of the

saint is carried to a gorgeously-decorated sepulchre and laid therein. The lion comes, and having spoken his part, mounts guard upon the tomb. This lion is a masterpiece of art, the skin thereof being striped like a tiger's, and the head made from a gourd painted and decorated with teeth.

A gun firing announced the spectacle was over, and the audience rose. So excited were they by the tale of suffering and martyrdom of their hero-saint, and so justly incensed against his murderers, that the performers who acted the parts of Yezid and his followers had to be smuggled away for fear of violence.

M. PECHELL.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### NAPOLEON'S VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA.

Major-General Sir George Ridout Bingham, K.C.B. and T.S., the writer of the following diary, was born July 21, 1777, the son of Colonel Bingham (Dorset Militia) of Bingham's Melcombe in Dorset, which has been held by the family from the time of Henry III. In his sixteenth year he entered the army as ensign in the 69th Foot, and served with that and other regiments in Corsica, on board the fleet in the Mediterranean, at the Cape, and in Minorca. He went through almost the whole of the Peninsular War and the campaigns in the south of France, as lieutenant-colonel of the 2d battalion of the 53d Regiment, and, from August, 1812, in command of the brigade, taking part in the battles of Talavera, Salamanca, where he was severely wounded, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and the Nivelle. For these services he received a cross and one clasp, was allowed to accept the Portuguese Order of the Tower and Sword, and was nominated K.C.B.

When Napoleon was consigned to St. Helena, the 2d battalion of the 53d was selected to accompany and guard him. Colonel Sir George Bingham commanded the troops employed in this service, and continued in the island as

second under Sir Hudson Lowe till 1819, when he was promoted to the rank of major-general. From 1827 to 1832 he was in Ireland in command of the Cork district, an appointment which he was about to relinquish when he died of heart complaint in London, January 3, 1833. In 1831 he had been appointed colonel-commandant of the 2d battalion of the Rifle Brigade.

He had married in 1814 Emma Septima, youngest daughter of Edmund Morton Pleydell, Esq., of Whatecombe, Dorset. She survived him forty years, dying in 1873. The papers here printed were left by her to her nephew, Arthur Edmund Mansel, late captain 3d Hussars. They were placed by Captain Mansel in the hands of Captain C. W. Thompson, 7th Dragoon Guards, who has edited them for this magazine.

DAIRY OF SIR GEORGE BINGHAM, K.C.B.,  
WITH EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN  
FROM ST. HELENA BY SIR GEORGE  
AND LADY BINGHAM AND LIEUT.-COL.  
MANSEL.

1815. August 6th.—Having embarked at Portsmouth, and working down channel in the Northumberland, with the wind at west, we perceived at eight o'clock in the morning three large ships apparently coming out of Plymouth. Signals being exchanged, they proved to be the *Tonnant*, 84, having Lord Keith's flag on board, *Belerophon*,<sup>1</sup> and *Eurotas* frigate. On their coming up with us, Admiral Sir George Cockburn went on board the *Tonnant*. We made all sail towards the land, and anchored west off Berryhead on the outside of Torbay, and on the Admiral's return, heard that Napoleon Bonaparte was to be removed the next day at ten o'clock.

Monday, 7th.—Early in the morning the baggage of Napoleon came on board, and several servants, and persons of his suite, to prepare the cabin that was to receive him. About two o'clock he left the *Belerophon* and came alongside the Northumberland, accompanied by Lord Keith. The guard was turned out and presented arms, and all the officers stood on the quarter-deck

to receive Lord Keith. Napoleon chose to take the compliment to himself. He was dressed in a plain green uniform, with plain epaulets, white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, with stockings, and small gold shoe-buckles, his hair out of powder and rather greasy, his person corpulent, his neck short, and his *tout ensemble* not at all giving an idea that he had been so great or was so extraordinary a man. He bowed at first coming on deck, and having spoken to the Admiral, asked for the Captain of the ship. In passing towards the cabin he asked who I was. The Captain introduced me. He inquired the number of the regiment, where I had served, and if the 53rd was to go to St. Helena with him. He then asked an officer of Artillery the same questions. From him he passed to Lord Lowther, to whom he addressed several questions, after which he retired to the cabin. The Admiral, who was anxious that he should as early as possible be brought to understand that the cabin was not allotted to him solely, but was a sort of public apartment, asked Lord Lowther, Mr. Lyttleton, and myself to walk in. Napoleon received us standing. The lieutenants of the ship were brought in and introduced, but not one of them spoke French; they bowed, and retired. We remained: Mr. Lyttleton, who spoke French fluently, answered his questions. After we were tired of standing, we retired. Half an hour afterwards he came on deck, and entered into conversation with Mr. Lyttleton: he spoke with apparent freedom and great vivacity, but without passion. He rather complained of his destination, saying it had been his intention to have lived in a retired manner in England, had he been permitted to have done so. He replied freely to several questions Mr. Lyttleton put to him relative to what had happened in Spain and other parts. This interesting conversation lasted at least an hour, at the end of which he retired. At six o'clock dinner was announced. He ate heartily, taking up both fish and meat frequently with his fingers; he drank claret out of a tumbler mixed with a

<sup>1</sup> The spelling of the original MS. has been retained throughout.

very little water. Those of his attendants who were received at the Admiral's table were—Bertrand (Grand Marshal); the Countess, his wife; Montholon, General of Brigade and A.D.C.; and Las Casas, in the uniform of a captain in the navy, but called a Counsellor of State. The discourse was on general and trifling subjects, after which he talked to the Admiral of Russia and its climate, and of Moscow, without seeming at all to feel the subject; he spoke as if he had been an actor only instead of the author of all those scenes which cost so much bloodshed. We rose immediately after dinner, and the Admiral begged me to attend Napoleon. He walked forward to the forecastle; the men of the 53rd Regiment and the Artillery were on the booms; they rose and took off their caps as he passed. He appeared to like the compliment, and said he was formerly in the Artillery. I answered, "Yes, you belonged to the Regiment De la Fère," on which he pinched my ear with a smile, as if pleased to find I knew so much of his history. He walked for some time, and then asked us in to play cards; we sat down to *vingt-un*. He showed me his snuff-box, on which were inlaid four silver antiques (coins)—Sylla, Regulus, Pompey, and Julius Cæsar—with a gold one on the side of Timoléon. Madame Bertrand told me he had found these coins himself at Rome. He did not play high at cards, and left about fifty francs to be distributed amongst the servants. The latter part of the evening he appeared thoughtful, and at a little past ten he retired for the night.

Tuesday, 8th.—The weather was squally, and there was a heavy sea. Most of the party were affected by the motion of the vessel. Napoleon did not make his appearance.

Wednesday, 9th.—Napoleon at dinner asked many questions, but appeared in low spirits. He brightened up afterwards, and came on the deck. He asked if amongst the midshipmen there were any who could speak French: one of them had been at Verdun and understood it a little. The captain of marines

(Beatie) appeared on deck; he inquired who he was, and where he had served. When he told him he had been at Acre he appeared particularly pleased, and took him by the ear, which I find he has always been in the habit of doing when pleased. He talked a good deal with this officer, walking the deck with his hands behind him. At eight o'clock he retired to the cabin. He lost at cards, and observed that good fortune had of late forsaken him. About ten o'clock he retired for the night.

Thursday, 10th.—Napoleon did not appear till dinner-time. He was affected by the motion of the ship, and said very little. He made an attempt to play at cards, but was obliged to give it up and retire early.

Friday, 11th.—Blowing weather, and Bonaparte invisible the whole day.

Saturday, 12th.—Napoleon made his appearance early, and looked better than usual; he walked the deck supporting himself on my arm. How little did I ever think, when I used to consider him as one of the first generals in the world, that he would ever have taken my arm as a support! He spoke but little at dinner, but conversed for half an hour afterwards with the Admiral, in the course of which conversation he denied having had any knowledge of the death of Captain Wright, and said he had never heard his name till mentioned to him by an English gentleman at Elba; that it was not probable that, having the cares of a great nation, he should interest himself in the fate of an obscure individual. This reasoning, I own, appears more specious than solid. Of Sir Sidney Smith he also spoke, and said that he had once (when commanding the army in Egypt, inserted in his orders that he was mad, as a means of checking the intrigues he had attempted to carry on with his generals. At cards this evening he was evidently affected with the motion of the vessel, and retired early.

Sunday, 13th.—The chaplain dined with the Admiral. Napoleon asked a number of questions relating to the Reformed religion; he did not display

much knowledge of the tenets of our Church, or of the English history at the period of the Reformation. He played with his attendants at cards as usual; the English did not join.

Monday, 14th.—Napoleon asked at dinner a number of questions relative to the Cape, and whether any communication was carried on by land with any other part of Africa by means of caravans. His information on these, as well as on other topics connected with geography, appeared very limited; and he asked questions that any well-educated Englishman would have been ashamed to have done. The evening passed off with cards, as usual.

Tuesday, 15th.—Napoleon's birthday. The Admiral complimented him on the occasion, and his attendants appeared in dress uniforms. After dinner a long conversation took place, which turned on the intended invasion of England. He asserted that it was always his intention to have attempted it. For this purpose he sent Villeneuve with his fleet to the West Indies, with orders to refresh at some of the French isles, to return without loss of time, and immediately to push up the Channel, taking with him the Brest fleet as he passed (it was supposed that this trip would have withdrawn the attention of our fleets); two hundred thousand men were ready at Boulogne (of which six thousand were cavalry) to embark at a moment's notice. Under cover of this fleet, he calculated he would have debarked this army in twenty-four hours. The landing was to have taken place as near London as possible. He was to have put himself at the head of it, and have made a push for the capital. He added, "I put all to the hazard. I entered into no calculation as to the manner in which I was to return; I trusted all to the impression the occupation of the capital would have occasioned. Conceive then my disappointment when I found that Villeneuve, after a drawn battle with Calder, had stood for Cadiz—he might as well have gone back to the West Indies. I made one further attempt to get my fleet into the Channel. Nelson destroyed it at the battle

of Trafalgar, and I then, as you know, fell with my whole force on Austria, who was unprepared for this sudden attack, and you remember how well I succeeded."

At cards this evening he was successful, winning nearly eighty napoleons; he evidently tried to lose it again. He was in good spirits at the idea of his success on his birthday, having been always of an opinion that some days are more fortunate than others. It was nearly eleven o'clock before he left the card-table.

Wednesday, 16th.—Bonaparte did not appear till dinner-time; he was in good spirits, and asked as usual a variety of questions. After dinner, in his walk with the Admiral, he was quite loquacious, having, besides his usual allowance of wine (two tumblers of claret), drank one of champagne, and some bottled beer. He said he apprehended that the measure of sending him to St. Helena might have fatal consequences. He hinted that the people of France and Italy were so much attached to him and his person, that they might revenge it by the massacre of the English. He acknowledged, however, that he thought his life safe with the English, which it might not have been had it been intrusted to the Austrians or Prussians. Of this life he appears tenacious; one of his *valets de chambre* sleeps constantly in his apartment: nor does it appear, either from his own accounts or those of his attendants, that he was very prodigal of it at the battle of Waterloo, certainly the most interesting one of his life, and on which his future destiny turned. Not one of his personal staff was wounded; and had he been in the thickest of the fight, as Wellington was, they could not all have escaped. But to return to his conversation, he said that, after the Austrian war, Beauharnais and the people about him told him it was absolutely necessary that he should marry again, to have heirs, for the sake and succession of France. The Emperor of Russia offered him the Arch-duchess Ann. A council was held on the subject, and in taking into consideration this mar-

riage, a clause providing for the free exercise of the Greek religion, and also that a chapel should be allowed in the Tuilleries for the worship of that faith, was strongly objected to by some of the members as likely to render the marriage unpopular in France. At this moment Swartzenburg offered a Princess of the house of Austria. Napoleon replied, it was quite indifferent to him, so they gave him no trouble on the subject: this business was speedily settled. This was at ten o'clock at night; before midnight the copy of a treaty was drawn out (copied nearly word for word from the marriage contract between Louis the XVIth and Maria Antoinette), signed by him, transmitted to Vienna, and Maria Louisa became the new Empress.

Thursday, 17th.—Napoleon did not make his appearance till dinner; he conversed a little, and retired early to the after-cabin; he remained but a short time at the card-table. In a conversation last night with Sir George Cockburn it turned on Waterloo; he said that he should not have attacked Wellington on the 18th, had he supposed he would have fought him; he acknowledged that he had not exactly reconnoitred the position; he praised the British troops, and gave the same account of the final result as in the official despatch; he denied that the movement of the Prussians on his flank had any effect; the malevolent, he said, raised the cry of *sauve qui peut*, and as it was already dark he could not remedy it. "Had there been daylight," he added, "I should have thrown aside my cloak, and every Frenchman would have rallied round me; but darkness and treachery were too much for me."

Friday, 18th.—Napoleon in good spirits and looking well; he conversed after dinner for a considerable time with the Admiral; he mentioned Maria Louisa, and said she was much attached to him; she was asked by the Queen of Naples (at Vienna) why she did not join her husband in Elba? she replied her inclination led her to do so, but she was prevented by her parents. The Queen replied, that if she loved a man nothing should prevent her fol-

lowing him, if there were windows in the house, and sheets to enable her to let herself down from them. He spoke with interest of his boy, and appeared pleased to relate that when the Queen of Naples said to the child, "Well, my boy, your game is now over, you will be obliged to turn Capuchin," he replied, "I never will be a priest, I will be a soldier." In Germany he said he had intercepted a letter written by the young Prince of Orange, in which he said the Prince was not very lavish in his praises of our Royal family, but that a lady at Dresden, who had either been mentioned in it, or had some reason for wishing that it might not be made public, entreated him so earnestly not to send it to the *Moniteur*, that he withheld it.

Saturday, 19th.—At dinner Napoleon talked of Toulon with animation; he said the only wound he had ever received was from an English sailor (by a pike) in the hand, at the storm of Fort Mulgrave, the possession of which led to the evacuation of that town. This led to talking of the navy; he said the only good officer he had was one whose name he pronounced Cas-mo, who, when Admiral Dumanoir was acquitted by a court-martial (having been tried for leaving the battle of Trafalgar, and for having afterwards surrendered to Sir R. Strachan), took the sword that was delivered to him by the President and broke it. The Admiral asked him for some other naval character, whose name I have forgotten; he answered, "He behaved well in one action; I made him a rear-admiral on the spot; the consequence was the very next year he lost me two ships in the Bay of Roses" [Rosas]. In conversation with the Admiral before dinner he made the following remarkable observation: "I was at the head of an army at twenty-four; at thirty, from nothing I had risen to be the head of my country; for, as first Consul, I had as much power as I afterwards had as Emperor. I should have died," he added, "the day after I entered Moscow; my glory then would have been established forever." The Admiral replied that to be a truly great character it was necessary to

suffer adversity as well as prosperity. He assented, but said, "My lot has been a little too severe."

Sunday, 20th.—Napoleon at dinner again began to question the clergyman respecting the Reformed religion, whether we used the crucifix, how many sacraments we used. Grace was said, and he asked whether it was a Benedicite. He walked for a considerable time by moonlight, and, seeing that the Admiral did not play at cards, refrained himself. He talked of Egypt; he said the "Mamelukes ought to be the first cavalry in the world; no Frenchman is equal to them. Five Frenchmen could never stand against the same number of Mamelukes, or even one hundred; but three hundred Frenchmen would, by manœuvring and having reserves, beat an equal number or even a greater." He continued to say that "Kléber was a good general, but not a politician sufficient to prosper in that country. Having landed in Egypt with a small army, and cut off from any reinforcements, he was obliged to practise every artifice to gain the goodwill of the people: for this he and his followers professed the Mahomedan religion," which he made no scruple in acknowledging he had done himself. He had great difficulty in bringing the sheiks to waive what is considered both by the Jews and Mahomedans an important part of the religion. The next difficulty to be obviated was that of drinking wine. He said the Franks were natives of a colder climate, and for so long a time had been accustomed to it, that they could not relinquish it, and proposed they should be allowed a dispensation. A consultation was held. The result was, that the Franks might certainly drink wine, but that they would be damned for it. Bonaparte replied that they by no means wished to enter the pale of their Church on such terms, and begged they would reconsider it. The next answer proved more favorable: it was decreed that they should be allowed to drink wine, provided every day before they did so they should resolve to do a good action. On being pressed to know what was considered a

good action, it was answered, either almsgiving, building (or contributing towards building) a mosque, or digging a well in the desert. Having promised faithfully to comply with these terms, he concluded by saying, "We were received into the mosque, and I derived from it the most important results."

December 6th.—Longwood is now ready for the reception of Bonaparte, and I called yesterday at the Briars to accompany him thither. He received me with some apologies in his *robe de chambre*, and excused himself from going on account of the smell of paint. He appeared to be in unusual good spirits, having on the table English papers to the 15th of September. The greater confusion there is in France, the greater chance he fancies there is of his being allowed to return, as he thinks the English Government will be obliged to recall him to compose the confusion that exists in that unhappy country. I have just seen Captain Mackey, the officer who has the charge of him; he appears to wish to remain another day. There is no knowing what he is about. He does not know his own mind two minutes together.

December 21st.—Since I last wrote, Napoleon has been removed to Longwood. He appears in better health, and has been in good spirits. I called on him on Monday and had a long audience, in which he was very particular in his questions relating to our mess, entering into the most minute particulars, even so far as to ask who cooked for us, male or female, white or black. On Friday I met him as I was marching with my regiment.<sup>1</sup> He rides now every day within his bounds (but never exceeds them), with a British officer, which he cannot yet reconcile himself to. His attendants are, as usual, split into parties, and they have procured the removal of Bertrand (who has at least the merit of being his oldest and most faithful servant) from the superintendence of the household.

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Bingham had not at this time received intimation of his promotion; nor was he informed of his appointment of brigadier-general on the Staff till the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe. His commission was dated the 21st of October.

1816. January 1st.—Last Tuesday I introduced all the officers to Bonaparte; it was evidently an effort on his part, although the proposal, in the first instance, came from himself; he asked a number of questions, which were exceedingly absurd. He has been in great spirits since the last arrivals; he has heard that "all the virtues," with Sir Francis Burdett at their head, are to advocate their cause and his recall, and he sanguinely looks forward to the result.

January 8th.—Since I wrote last I have dined with Napoleon; it was a most superb dinner, that lasted only forty minutes, when we retired into the drawing-room to play cards. The dessert service was Sèvres china, with gold knives, forks, and spoons. The coffee-cups were the most beautiful I ever saw. On each cup was an Egyptian view, and on the saucer a portrait of some Bey, or other distinguished character. They cost twenty-five guineas, the cup and saucer, in France. The dinner was stupid enough; the people who live with him scarcely spoke out of a whisper, and he was so much engaged in eating that he hardly said a word to any one; he had so filled the room with wax candles, that it was as hot as any oven. He said to me, after I had entered the drawing-room, "You are not accustomed to such short dinners." He has generally one or two officers of the 53rd to dinner, or rather supper, for it is half past eight before he sits down.

February 14th.—I send you a little pen sketch of the house at Longwood, as it appears from my tent. It does not look here much like an imperial establishment; it has, however, great depth, and more room than there appears. The trees about the camp are gum wood, of a bluish-green color, and at a distance give you the idea of an old umbrella; you see Fehrszen's marquee and servants' tent amongst the trees in the foreground. Those trees are full of a species of canary bird, that sings as sweetly but are not so handsome as ours. There are also amadavats, and Java sparrows, with red beaks, and

these are the whole of the small birds on the island. When it was first discovered it had not a living creature on it. Partridges are now plenty, and there are a good many pheasants—more like the golden pheasant of China than our English birds; and some peacocks, which are rather smaller than our tame ones. I saw two the other day; they rose very majestically to fly away when disturbed; they are not allowed to be shot; and the pheasants are reserved for the Governor only. Yesterday I went to call on Bonaparte; he was going out to his carriage; he insisted on my going with him, and we had a drive together of three miles. He always asks after you,<sup>1</sup> and to-day, when he heard a packet was arrived from England, he said, "Now the Colonel will hear from Lady Bingham."

April 19th.—I called on Bonaparte last Sunday before the Phaeton had anchored, to announce to him the arrival of the new Governor. He received me in his bedroom, in his *robe de chambre*, and a dirtier figure I never beheld. He was pleased with the compliment. He received Sir H. Lowe last Wednesday with marked attention, behaving at the same time in a manner pointedly rude to Sir George Cockburn. You have no idea of the dirty little intrigues of himself and set. If Sir Hudson Lowe has firmness enough not to give way to him, he will in a short time treat him in the same manner. For myself, it is said I am a favorite, I do not understand the claim I have to be such. Cockburn has certainly used great exertions to make him as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and for this, and for the care he took of him on board, he did not deserve to be treated as he was on that day, which was nothing more or less than insulting. When he was going to introduce Sir Hudson, and to say, "My charge ends; I beg to introduce my successor," they shut the door in his face, saying, "It is the Emperor's order that the Governor goes in alone."

There has been the usual fracas continued in the family. About a week

<sup>1</sup> Lady Bingham.

since it was intimated to Madame Bertrand that she was so fond of the English and partial to their society that she might save herself the trouble of attending at dinner. The Emperor had dined in his room the day before, fearing he could not have kept his temper and have displayed a scene before the servants. Madame then made known that Napoleon was frequently in the habit of using language neither kingly or even gentlemanly towards his attendants, and that the ladies even were not respected in these fits of rage. The interdiction lasted a week, at the end of which time it was signified that "the Emperor *permitted* her to come to dinner." Napoleon received the intelligence of the death of Murat and Ney with the greatest indifference. Of the former he observed that he was a fool, and deserved his fate. He said he had behaved very ill to him, and had refused to lend him money when at Elba. Of the latter he said he had done him more harm than good, and did not appear to care the least about either.

[*Letter from Lady Bingham.*]

"May 30th.

"On Tuesday last I went with Sir G. Bingham and Colonel Mansel to pay a visit to Buonaparte. When we first arrived he was out airing with his attendants, and after waiting for some little time in Captain Poppleton's<sup>1</sup> room, we were informed of his return, and were shown into a small ante-room, where, at an inside door, stood his footman, dressed in green and gold, to open and shut it when necessary for his imperial master. When he was quite ready to receive us, we were ushered into his presence. I think him much better looking than I had expected, though his complexion is exceedingly sallow. The likeness Mr. Still brought home with him from Plymouth, etched by Mr. Planat, is a very just representation of him. He was extremely facetious, and in excellent humor, and after asking me a few frivolous questions, he desired me to walk into the garden, handed me out, and did me the honor

(as I afterwards found it was) to walk with his head uncovered. He told me I had an excellent husband; that I ought to be very happy, as he loved me dearly; that he was also a gallant soldier, and that soldiers always made the best husbands. He asked me several questions about Louisa,<sup>2</sup> and made some remark about her husband<sup>3</sup> and herself; but this I lost, as, owing to his speaking so *remarkably* fast, it is sometimes with the utmost difficulty he can be understood. Notwithstanding the constant rain, I take a great deal of exercise on horseback, and as I have a most quiet animal, I ride without the least fear up Ladder Hill and other tremendous places, to the astonishment of the St. Heleneans. I assure you I pass here for a very superior horse-woman, which gave rise to a question from Napoleon, whether in England I often went a-fox-hunting? having a vast idea that the English ladies are exceedingly fond of that amusement. I told him it was one *I* was by no means partial to, or ever took part in. Napoleon has been much out of spirits of late, I *fancy*, from the little probability he sees of ever being able to make his escape from this island. He was within the last few days taken to play at skittles. Of all his followers, Madame Bertrand is the one for whom I feel the most interest. She is, poor woman, so thoroughly unhappy that it is quite melancholy to see her. She is extremely pleasing and elegant in her manner. Just before I arrived, the French attendants had an offer made them of returning home; but they preferred signing a paper which now precludes all future idea of leaving the island. Bertrand, it is said, agreed to this from an *honorable* motive, having *promised* Napoleon to remain with him during his captivity. Poor Madame, I *fancy*, would gladly have laid aside all the *honor* had it been left to her arrangement.

"EMMA BINGHAM."

[*Letter from Lieut.-Col. Mansel.*]

"Deadwood Camp, June 14th.

"We neither hear or see much of

<sup>1</sup> One of the officers of the 53d Regiment in attendance at Longwood.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Mansel.

<sup>3</sup> Colonel Mansel.

Buonaparte now. I fancy he confines himself much more than usual to the house, which will tend to increase his corpulence. He appears to be dropsical, and his complexion is very sallow; in short, he looks exceedingly out of health. I understand the Governor is rather desirous to move him nearer to Plantation House (his own residence), being suspicious of his attempting his escape, which makes Sir Hudson uneasy and feel somewhat alarmed. This he has not the slightest cause for, as he is perfectly secure both by sea and land. I should regret his removal from Longwood, as there is not on the island so beautiful a spot of ground as this. I have an excellent suite of barrack-rooms, from the windows of which is seen a very grand and noble view, comprising sea, wood, a fine extensive plain, immense heights, rugged rocks, fortifications, barracks, tents, and people of all colors, etc., the whole making a pretty panorama. I went to fish one day last week, and met with good success: the fish we caught weighed from one to two pounds, some of which I sent to Buonaparte. He was much pleased with them, and said they were the best he had eaten since he was on Mount Cennis.

"J. MANSEL."

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From The Illustrated London News (Oct. 10).

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Those who knew and loved William Morris—and to know him was to love him—will have been thinking for this week past that sixty-two years and a half are but a little span of life for a man of his native vigor and robust habit. They cannot yet take their stand on the platform whence the public will view the matter—the great public who have gained so much from the life cut short this day week—who knew not the man, but saw everywhere the output of his energy and his genius, and who can but say, if the question of his "allotted span" occurs to them: "Morris? Well, he has published vol-

umes and volumes of fine poetry, numbers of prose romances, translated epics and sagas from the Greek, the Latin, the Icelandic; poured forth polemical tracts, histories, and treatises; carried on a fine-art decoration business which during some thirty years has been steadily revolutionizing British taste in matters of building, decoration, and upholstery; led for years that section of the Socialists whose demands are founded upon reason, editing several volumes of their journal; and lastly set up and carried on a press from which have issued quite a number of books, forming, perhaps, the finest examples of printing ever seen." Such a mass of work, to the public mind, must bring visions of a man "well stricken in years." But to those who were privileged to know him it was a standing wonder that Morris, at the age of sixty, and not looking sixty, had done all this work in the world—so various, so thorough, and so full of the most valuable qualities, and yet always found time to receive his friends and acquaintance, and give them the benefit not only of his hearty, cheery, companionship, but also of his unerring judgment and vast learning in all matters connected with the ways and means of beautifying the world and man's life in the world. This day week, if England did but know it, William Morris was the living Englishman she could least afford to lose. The personal qualities which made up the character of this man of genius would have been irresistibly attractive, even if he had had no genius at all. Kindliness, sagacity, courage, good comradeship, an inveterate habit of acting upon convictions deliberately formed, and an unswerving sense of honor and true decorum are admirable personal traits to find in one man—apart from genius and erudition; he had them all; and their combination is not so common that his friends can afford to grieve more for the genius than for the man.

William Morris was born at Walthamstow on March 24, 1834. Marlborough and Oxford (Exeter College) have the honor of his conventional

training; but he must have been getting his special mental education in his own way long before he left Oxford, for his *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, published monthly during the year 1856, teems with work from his own hand, saturated with mediævalism. The profession of an architect being selected, he was articled to Street, but abandoned his articles. His first serious and independent appeal to the public as a man of letters was "The Defence of Guenevere, and other Poems" (1858), although "Sir Galahad" had appeared separately a few months earlier; and long before his "Jason" came out he had founded, with the co-operation of Gabriel Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Madox Brown, and others, the commercial undertaking conducted under the style of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co., fine art decorators—a business over which he presided up to the time of his death.

In literature, as in life and its varied pursuits, his work divides itself into definite periods, of which the chronological minutiae would be here misplaced. Considered in the light of a poet and story-teller, he may be said to have started on his career as an Anglo-Norman mediævalist, drawing, however, considerable inspiration from the Greek and Latin classics, and gradually, with a widening area of knowledge and reading, taking in at first hand influences from the sturdy literature of the Northmen who peopled Iceland. From the pure mediævalism of "The Defence of Guenevere," "Sir Peter Harpdon's End," "The Haystack in the Floods," and the Chaucerian classicism of "The Life and Death of Jason," (1867), we pass through "The Earthly Paradise" (1868-70) to find the flavor far more Northern at the end than at the beginning; the actual work of translating large Icelandic sagas in conjunction with Mr. Eric Magnusson had effected the change and had led to the transformation of one Icelandic prose masterpiece, the "Saga of the Laxdale Men," into that poetic masterpiece, "The Lovers of Gu-drun," which closes the tale-cycle of

"The Earthly Paradise," and ends the first period.

"Love is Enough" (1873), a dramatic and lyric morality, derives the more marked features of its poetic method from the Icelandic; and it is to the second period that both this and several renderings of Icelandic sagas belong, though some of them remained in manuscript till a recent date. The period is that in which Morris shows a prevailing feeling of Northern hardness, has abandoned the three Chaucerian stock metres, and developed a metric system with anapaestic movement surpassing in every vital particular all that has been done in anapaestic measures since Tennyson showed the way in "Maud." In the much higher qualities, which derive from knowledge of life, feeling for national myth, epic action and tragic intensity combined, "The Story of Sigurd the Volsung" (1877), the epic in anapaestic couplets which rounds this period, stands among the foremost poems not only of this century, but of our literature.

The third period, from 1878 to 1890, is chiefly an epoch of lectures, pamphlets, leaflets, and periodical press work; but the literary artist gradually gets the upper hand again. "Chants for Socialists," "The Tables Turned, or Nupkins Awakened," "The Pilgrims of Hope," "A Dream of John Ball," and "News from Nowhere," are all works of art, though saturated with Socialist intention. The translation of the "Odyssey" in anapaestic couplets came out in this period (1887), which may be said to close in effect somewhat before the disruption of the Socialist League and the death, early in 1891, of its journal, the *Commonweal*, which contained less and less of Morris's work towards the close, though "News from Nowhere" in its first form appeared in the journal.

Meanwhile, 1889 had been signalized by a wholly new thing in literature—the wonderful myth-romance of the Goths and Romans called, "A Tale of the House of the Wolfings," chiefly in prose, but with a considerable mass of

poetry woven in; and here begins Morris's last period in literary art. "The Roots of the Mountains" (1889), a story of the Goths and Huns, "The Glittering Plain" (1890-91), the revised "News from Nowhere" (1891-92), "Poems by the Way" (September, 1891), "The Wood Beyond the World" (May, 1894), "Beowulf" in English verse (done in conjunction with the Rev. A. T. Wyatt, January, 1895), "Child Christopher and Goldilind the Fair" July, 1895), "The Well at the World's End" (March, 1896), and several volumes of translations, from mediæval French tales, etc., form a mass of high-class work, in all the original part of which Morris has shown great grip of character and intimate knowledge of the doings of men and communities in various ages. Altogether, counting "John Ball," here are eight works of fiction in which this master of all the leading crafts that can be named has devised a new method and a fresh form of speech, has laid out his stories with admirable clearness, filled their fabric with beautiful legends, or visions of what has been and what may be, and created a living gallery of men and women, all unmistakable in the *differentia* of their characters and personalities. If there were no first, second, and third periods at all, these books of his fourth, and, alas! final period, would alone suffice to secure him a place among the greatest literary artists of the age, and, indeed, of the world.

Leaving literature aside, the epochs of his life are so many important chapters in the history of arts and crafts in England, and in the social and political movement which is still going on for the benefit of the handcraftsman. Not to be too nicely discriminative, there is the period when he started his undertaking on æsthetic grounds to reform our views of color, curve, line, texture—in a word, our tastes. This threw him into those relations with handcraftsmen which could lead his generous heart but one way—to make

the handcraftsman's life joyful. In developing his views for the workmen, he enlarged his scope; from importing rough but comely pottery out of France, he got to influencing the manufacture and securing the distribution of de Morgan lustre—a lost art revived. From bringing home Eastern carpets he grew to see that after all these were not the fittest and best for a Western civilization, and he set up his dye-works and looms and made fabrics and carpets which will influence the taste of the Western world when he has been dead a century. He entered into the practical side of the Socialist propaganda and went on fearlessly till convinced not that *he* would come to harm, but that "ructions with police," as he phrased it, would injure the cause. Lastly, he saw what a base, mechanical thing was become this great art of printing of ours; and he set up the Kelmscott Press, to issue books in which every letter should be beautiful. He had his own hand-made paper made from pure linen rag, set up hand-presses, obtained the best of ink, employed the best labor he could get, and set good binders to put his sheets together in seemly vellum or parchment; and he issued a great series of masterpieces in the art of printing. Many of his own fourth-period books appeared first in this sumptuous form; and now, as he lies at peace in the quiet little Oxfordshire village which gives his press its name, the fortunate possessors of the great folio Chaucer edited by his old friend Frederick Ellis and beautified by the lovely pictures of his older friend Edward Burne-Jones, whom he playfully called "the Baronet," are turning in wonder the pages of the noblest book ever printed. It is good to temper our grief with the thought that the brave man and great artist who crammed the joyous labor of three lifetimes into sixty-two years and a half, to benefit his humbler fellow-craftsmen, saw with his eyes this crowning work of many applied arts and crafts before he entered into his rest.

From The Speaker.  
GOLDSMITH'S CONVERSATION.

There is no triter quotation from Boswell than that of Goldsmith's retort to the ridicule that Johnson poured upon him for his contention that it was difficult to make little fishes in fables talk in character. "Why, Mr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if *you* were to make little fishes talk they would all talk like whales." The complementary difficulty of getting great whales to understand the prattle of little fishes explains much of the social contempt of the Club for Goldsmith. An Irishman in England talks generally too much, too fast, too lightly, too discursively; but talk of this kind seems idiotic only when taken seriously. If you insist on handling a soap-bubble, its grace, lightness, and iridescence disappear; and in the Club a soap-bubble was solemnly weighed and found wanting. Even Burke could not blow one with impunity. "When Burke does not descend to be merry, his conversation is very superior indeed. When he lets himself down to that he is in the kennel," says Johnson of jocularity which Windham, Reynolds and even Boswell himself thought admirable. Burke, however, was not disconcerted by the failure of his flashes of merriment, whereas Goldsmith was. From his earliest childhood his natural self-distrust had been deepened to morbidity by the taunts of friends, relatives, schoolmates and masters. He was pitifully conscious of his ugliness, his awkwardness, his "brogues and his blunders," and in uncongenial society this disconcerting self-consciousness aggravated these defects in its endeavor to conceal them. When he uttered in such society those random absurdities that an Irishman in high spirits sometimes lets escape him, like steam from a safety-valve, the stolid stare of his matter-of-fact audience disconcerted him. Instead, however, of reducing him to a safe silence, it but stimulated him to such stumbling and staggering attempts to regain his lost foot-hold as sank him deeper in the bog. But the initial stupidity was not his. Let us

take three characteristic specimens of this initial stupidity in order to suggest that Goldsmith was not altogether to blame if he failed to play a brilliant game of fives against a haystack. "Sir," replied Cooke to Sam Rogers' inquiry as to Goldsmith's conversation, "Sir, he was a fool. The right word never came to him. If you gave him a bad shilling, he'd say, 'Why, it's as good a shilling as ever was *born*.' You know he ought to have said 'coined.' 'Coined,' sir, never entered his head. He was a fool, sir." Cooke was himself an Irishman, while Mrs. Thrale, who shall be put into the box next, will be allowed to come as near, in the matter of frivolity, to the level of the average Irish mind as any Englishwoman could. Here is her instance of "Poor Dr. Goldsmith's" idiocy: "Poor Dr. Goldsmith said once, 'I would advise every young fellow setting out in life to *love gravy*.' alleging for it the serious reason that a glutton once disinherited his nephew because of his unconquerable distaste to that condiment." If Mrs. Thrale had come upon this advice where it had originally appeared—in Goldsmith's burlesque specimen of a magazine in miniature—it is just possible that she might have understood it to be a joke. No such Bottom prologue could save the sage Boswell from maliciously misunderstanding the most obvious of jokes, since "the Jessamy Bride," in telling the following anecdote, spoke of the sally of Goldsmith's as unmistakably playful. She and her sister, while standing with Goldsmith at the window of an hotel, attracted by their loveliness the admiration of a passing company of soldiers. "I, too, have my admirers elsewhere," cried the poet in affected pique. This light and luckless jest had but to pass through the dense mind of Boswell to come out a petulant outburst of envy, as gas under tremendous pressure is transmuted into a grosser element. "When accompanying two beautiful ladies with their mother on a tour in France," writes Boswell, "Goldsmith was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him."

Yet it is to Boswell's blunt burin that we owe our picture of Goldsmith!

It should be remembered, too, that the wise and witty sayings of Goldsmith's grudgingly recorded by the jealous Boswell are only those that were complementary to the conversation of Johnson. Boswell was resolved that "all should show like two gilt two-pences" to Johnson; why otherwise has he given to Burke so small a place in the biography? Burke was the only conversationalist Johnson feared or envied. "That fellow calls forth all my powers," he said of Burke. "Were I to see him now"—i.e., when he was out of sorts—"it would kill me!" Yet how little of Burke there is in Boswell, and of that little how much is altogether unworthy of the greatest purely extemporary speaker, probably, that ever lived! In truth, Boswell was jealous on Johnson's behalf of Burke, and on his own behalf of Goldsmith: hence the inadequate representation of the two Irishmen in his pages.

The truth is, as the librarian at Bath testifies, Goldsmith, when at ease and in congenial company, was not only an entertaining, but a lucid and even brilliant talker. No man who wrote with his ease and speed and crystal clearness could be the addle-pated "Poor Poll" he is represented to have been. "Style," says Schopenhauer, "is the physiognomy of the mind, and a safer index to character than the face. An obscure or bad style means a dull or confused brain." Consider the conditions under which all Goldsmith's hack work was done—always at racing speed, and sometimes with the dunning bookseller or printer's devil in the room—and consider again its exquisite limpidity, and what becomes of the

"muddy river" theory of Macaulay? Disregarding, therefore, as simply silly, the way in which all Goldsmith's critics and some of his biographers speak of his exquisite style, as though it were something as separate from his mind as an exquisite voice is from the mind of a singer, and allowing style to be but thought incarnate, then the limpidity of every line of work done in such peremptory and perfunctory haste is itself and alone a confutation of the theory that "poor Goldy's" thoughts were always born aborted, and needed as much nursing as an infant kangaroo to be presentable. Surely it is strange that his writing should be conspicuously distinguished for what is presumed to have been conspicuously absent from his talk—ease, order, and lucidity; though this style characterized work which must have been as extemporary as speaking. Strangely, too, this style characterized also his extemporary speeches. In the archives of the "Robin Hood" Debating Club, where Burke first, in London, proved his powers, this note was entered about Goldsmith long before he became famous: "A candid disputant with a clear head and an honest heart, though coming but seldom to the society." Perhaps the fault of having been found the reverse of this did not lie wholly with Goldsmith. The present writer remembers a formal and wooden Yorkshireman complaining to him once of an Irish clergyman, who had the reputation of being the most genial and jovial of men. "I sat with him," said my ponderous Yorkshire friend—"I sat with him for two hours and more, and he seemed anything but cheerful the whole time."

**The Anti-Toxin Serum.**—An interesting report of its first year's work has just been issued by the Austrian State Institute for the preparation of anti-toxin serum. Of 1,100 cases of diphtheria treated with the serum, 970 recovered, a very favorable result compared with the previous mortality. When the remedy was applied on the

first and second day of the illness the percentage of deaths was only 6.7. After the third day, however, the mortality reached 19 per cent, rising to 33 per cent. after the sixth day. Of 318 cases of preventive inoculation only 20 were attacked by the disease, mostly in a mild form, and all recovered.

Vienna Correspondent of London Times.

